The SPHERE
Vol. CXXVI. No. 1642 JULY 11, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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July 15, 16, 17: Yorkshire v. Essex (at Leeds).
Aug. 8, 10, 11: Yorkshire v. Northants (at Bradford).
Aug. 15, 17, 18: Yorkshire v. Middlesex (at Leeds).

SHOWS

Aug. 6-8: Harrogate Agricultural Show.
Sept. 16-18: North of England Flower Show, Harrogate.

RACING

Aintree—July 23-24.
York—August 25-27.
St. Leger Week at Doncaster—Sept. 8-11.

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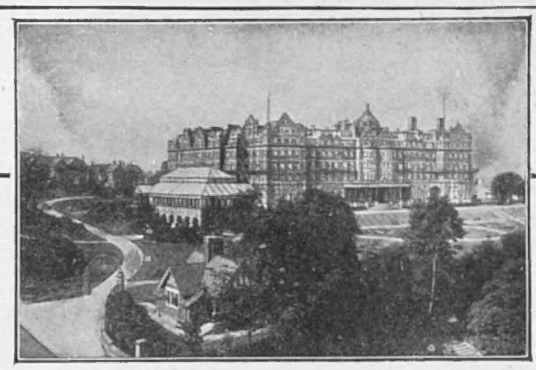

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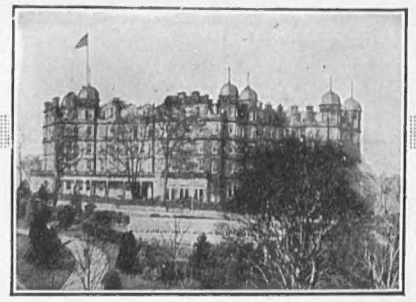

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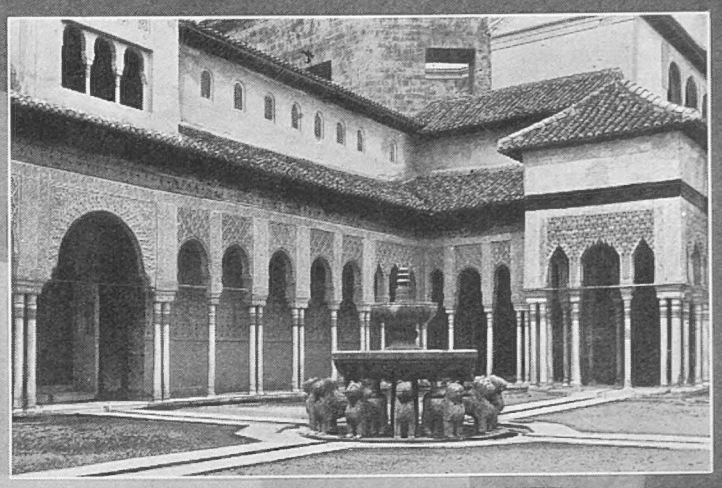
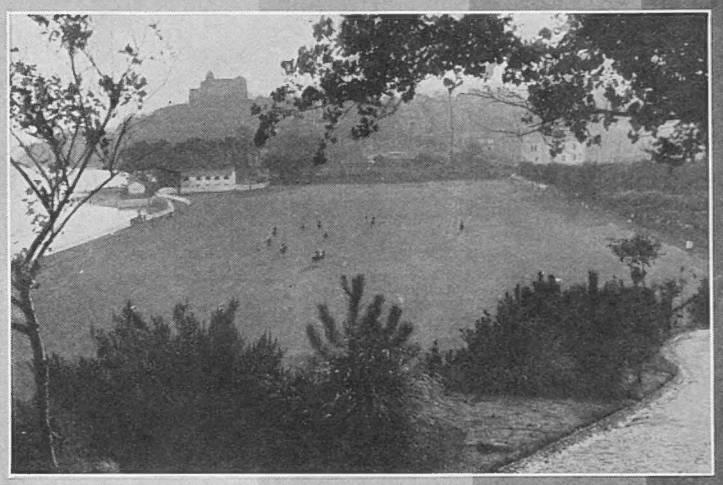
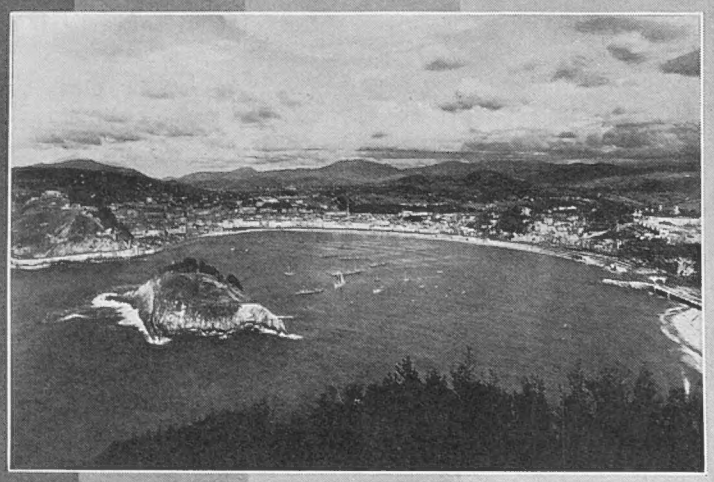


GRANADA. The Alhambra Courtyard of the Lions.

SEGOVIA. The Castle.



SANTANDER. Polo Field



SAN SEBASTIAN. From Monte Igueldo.

MADRID. Plaza de Castelar and Alcalá Street.

VISIT SPAIN where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling

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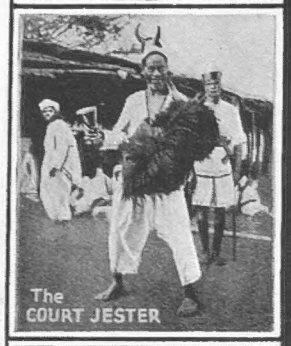
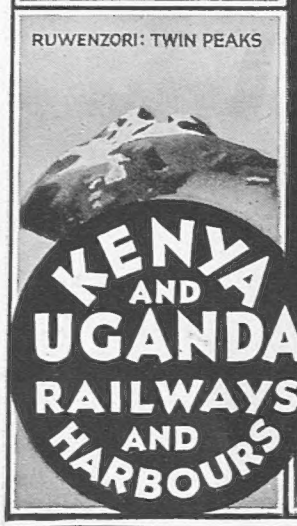
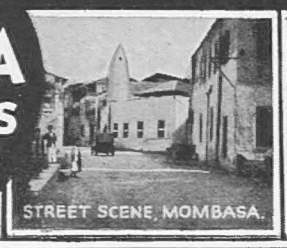
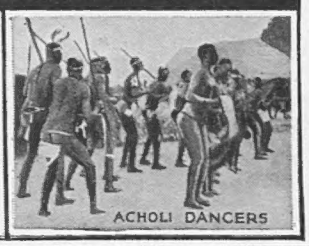
For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain, at **PARIS**, *12, Boulevard de la Madeleine;* **NEW YORK**, *695, Fifth Avenue;* **ROME**, *9, Via Condotti;* **GIBRALTAR**, *63-67, Main Street. At* **LONDON** *and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, or The American Express or any other Travel Agency.*

Have you seen any of these sights?









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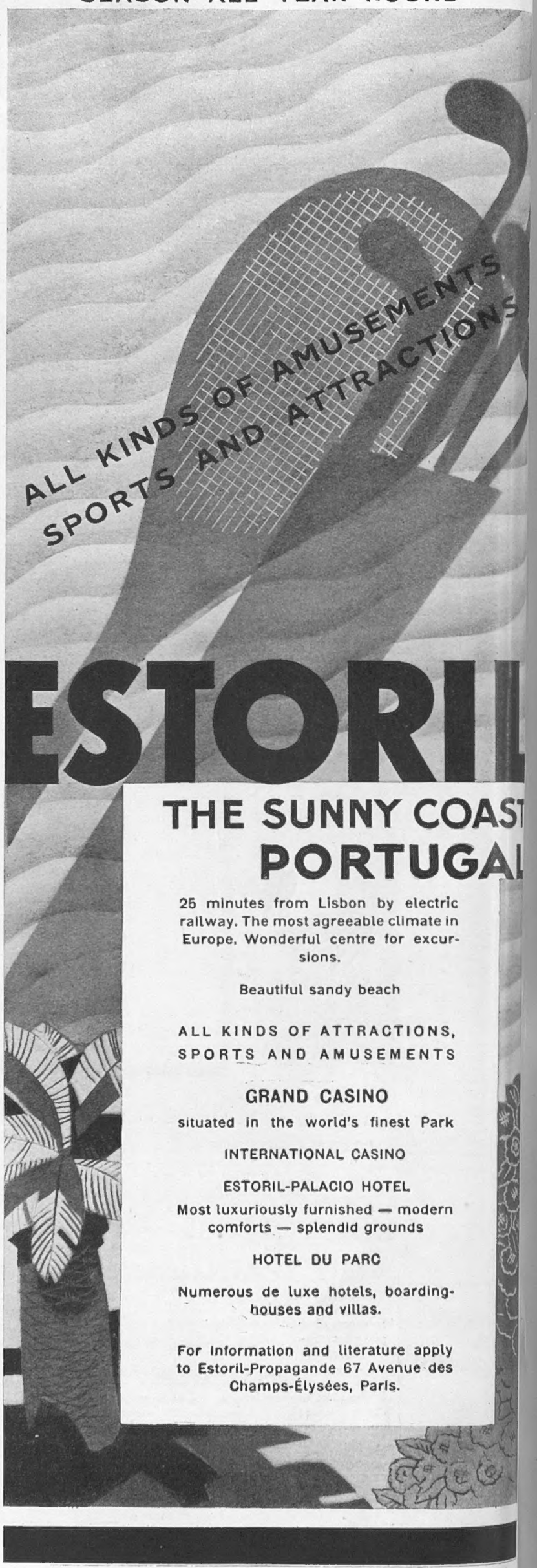

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly — Volume CXXVI No. 1642 — Price One Shilling, Postage {Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d.} — London, July 11, 1931

ROYALTY in SCOTLAND

Their Majesties Chat to Dr. John White of Glasgow and Dr. Charles L. Warr, the Dean of the Thistle, as they Descend the Steps of St. Giles' Cathedral

The King and Queen have been spending a few days in the historic palace of Holyrood and, as usual when in residence in Scotland—for both are deeply religious—they attended service in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. The Lord Provost, the judges, the city magistrates, and the city council were also present in their robes

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A SHACKLETON MEMORIAL: Mr. C. S. Jagger puts the finishing touches to a memorial to occupy a niche in the new wing of the Royal Geographical Society next January

A London Newsletter

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 8, 1931.

The Beginning and the End.—This issue of THE SPHERE will appear on the first day of the Eton and Harrow match. That fixture is an annual landmark and portent. It marks the beginning of the end of the London season. At Lord's definitely for the first time people begin to exchange their autumn plans, and in the pavilion the habitual grousing of old members is interrupted by reports of the grouse among the younger. We know very well that when the London season ends the real summer carnival begins, when the venue is changed from greater London to the real country and the seaside. But this year Lord's gives one a special jolt. For until June 22 we knew no real summer. We had not a chance of gaining any confidence in the sun's existence. There were no meals eaten out-of-doors, hardly any private lawn tennis played, and tweed was preferred to flannel as suitable wear. Thus the days "began to draw in" before we had tasted summer's joys, the birds ceased singing before we had a chance to observe them in the woods and on the commons. I never remember so dreadful a Spring in all my life. I admit that last week's ideal hay-making weather made up for months of disappointment, and I am happy in the belief that I made the most of those golden hours by a judicious adjustment of the hours of work and sleep and eating.

Test Reflections.—If the end of the Test match was bathos, I think most of us admitted that it was the most refreshing and sporting international cricket match we have watched for decades. We have sometimes had a surfeit of Test matches, but that game certainly encouraged us to ask for more. My prayer at the end of the game was that we should not at once turn our guns on the Selection Committee, and that we should not insist on a new Captain. For already we have a fine eleven of ex-Captains of England in active play. It was all quite satisfactory and very stimulating for all concerned, and the clouds do not fall on the result of a Test match. Indeed, there is only one thing I should like to see altered. That is, the purely post-War idea that two bowlers and three all-rounders are sufficient for attack. One must aim at four bowlers and an all-rounder, and if we choose a wicket keeper-batsman, we can afford them. Oh for a healthy and honest fast bowler of the Richardson school! Allen is not, and Voce did not look like, a Test bowler.

Lord's.—Sitting in the Pavilion at Lord's this week, I was more than ever impressed by the democratic aspect of the place. If ever there was a typically socialistic green space in the heart of a grim city, Lord's is that space. The pavilion is as noticeably democratic as the Mound. There were observable, I admit, quite a number of dukes in the pavilion, but nowadays dukes are your first choice to illustrate the typical citizen of the democratic state. Perhaps Mr. Snowden went in disguise to Lord's, to see for himself, and I am sure his heart melted to observe the Duke of Buccleuch or Devonshire sitting so inconspicuously among the not over-dressed members of the M.C.C. And I think, if his eye ranged over the green arena, he came to the conclusion that Lord's as little deserved extinction by taxation as do Mr. Lansbury's paddle-ponds. Indeed, even the two days reserved at Lord's each year for "rank and fashion" become ever less and less provocative and irritating to the revolutionaries of our social order. Mr. Snowden, if he wants to penalize unearned increment, should again turn his jaundiced eye on the racecourses, the fashionable restaurants and the night clubs. Lord's in its most fashionable dress is positively disarming. It was not Mr. Lloyd George but the victims of his Limehouse philippics which melted Mr. Snowden's heart.

Wimbledon.—Another Wimbledon passes and is chalked up—by foreigners. Another set of reputations has been made and lost. It would be vain to conceal my satisfaction at the triumph of Fräulein Cilly Aussem, whom I have long admired. For our own young players I have the same complaint to make as I made last year. We are spoiling them with too much publicity. Young Austin can never be a tennis wizard unless his powers of endurance are still to increase, and Miss Nuthall has not in her technical locker the shots which are vital for semi-finalists in international contests. She cannot change her game to arrest the advance of an experienced technician. Indeed, even more than last year the lesson of Wimbledon 1931 is this: we spoil our tennis hopes with too much publicity. The British "hopes" of the year proved to be our unadvertised players, Peggy Scriven and Perry. Austin and Betty Nuthall rank with film stars and start the game handicapped by their reputations. These young people tire themselves out with too much tournament play and leave too little time for patient, dull unadvertised practice. Still, if they enjoy themselves, why not? A game's only a game after all.

Les Gamins.—In a silence induced by disgust the House of Commons witnessed another of those disgraceful scenes of brawling by which certain members of Labour's left wing seek to impress their usefulness and statesmanship on their constituents and the country. Sometimes I feel sorry for Mr. Maxton and for Glasgow, whose names are loosely linked with a hot-head policy which has done so much to further the already serious decline in Parliamentary prestige. It will surprise me much if at the next election their constituencies will submit to the humiliation of being once more represented by the more notorious of these brawlers. It is difficult to overrate the handicap which these men have imposed on the Labour Government; for the Socialists as a whole have keenly appreciated and splendidly honoured the great traditions and fine dignity of Parliament, and the party's association with this street-urchin element is a painful thorn in its side. It would be wrong to say that physical violence had never achieved any important reform in social or political life. It often has done so, but it has never done so when unsupported by the logic of right, justice, and good sense. And no amount of right and justice could justify a display of physical violence or a breach of the peace in an assembly which can only exist on a basis of rigid restraint and discipline and the constant preservation of dignity.

John Bailey.—Mr. John Bailey, who died last week at an early age as we reckon nowadays, was a friend of beauty in Nature and literature. Twenty years ago, when I used often to enjoy his conversation, he spoke and looked and thought much as he did latterly. He was one of those men who never grow old and never seem to have been very young. There were two reasons why I enjoyed the sound of his high-pitched voice. He talked of books and soundly discriminated between books and works of genius, but more than this, he loved best to speak of old books. It is not very difficult nowadays, if you try hard, to get into a circle of writers and critics who talk keenly and even passionately of books; but it is not so easy to find a literary circle where the classics of the Victorian age and earlier are given a fair hearing among the innumerable works of supreme genius published since the War. That is why I recall with pleasure many conversations in our house in the Isle of Wight between Mr. Bailey, Mr. Arthur Elliot of the *Edinburgh*, Lord Tennyson, the poet's son, my father, and sometimes Bishop Gore. In those conversations the Victorians ruled the roost. Nothing, I think, had been written since Stevenson.

Holyrood and Old Edinburgh.—Last autumn I "wasted" a day of my holiday in Scotland in revisiting Edinburgh. It was brilliant summer weather, and the day proved to be one which I shall long remember. Edinburgh can claim not only to be one of the most classically beautiful capitals in Europe, but to possess, in its old town, buildings as steeped in romance as is every stone of the Tower of London. The King and Queen found Holyrood still further improved and modernized since their last visit. As a museum, the place is now superbly arranged. As a living house, it is no longer impossibly inconvenient. The bedrooms, the reception rooms, and the garden are all civilized and can be quickly prepared for the reception of guests. The old street from Holyrood to the Castle possesses the very latest system of traffic signals, but still the old wynds and closes beckon the romantic. St. Giles' is as heavy with tragedy as ever it was, the Thistle Chapel shares with the War Memorial in the Castle the chief laurels as an example of brilliant adaptation of new to old. The Via Dolorosa of Montrose and a hundred Scottish patriots remains the most romantic thoroughfare in Britain. The Queen is always happy in Edinburgh. There is so much in its private houses, public buildings, and furniture shops which her taste approves. From the days of George III, the broadminded toleration, generosity, and affection of the Hanoverians for the Stuarts have been very notable. The last of the active Stuart claimants lived and plotted on the generosity of George III, and curiously enough the renaissance of Highland romance and the clan spirit was due almost as much to George IV as to Scott.

Work and Play.—While we sat on soft cushions watching summer lightning playing over the turf of Wimbledon, Lord's, Roehampton, etc., a handful of men were achieving fresh and wonderful victories over time and space. Mr. F. S. Smythe's expedition conquered Mount Kamet, the Himalayan giant of 25,500 ft. This monster defied the best efforts of at least three earlier parties, and some idea of the difficulties which these heroes encountered was given by the recent publication in THE SPHERE of wonderful photographs taken by Mr. Charles Meade, who failed gloriously in the attempt some years ago. Messrs. Post and Gatty set out on June 23 to put a girdle round the earth in ten days. They reached their starting point, New York, well within their limit, having flown 15,500 miles via Berlin, Moscow, Irkutsk, Alaska, and Edmonton. For turning the poor, proud old globe into a mere suburban apple they received the most clamorous award which civilization can offer to record-breakers of this record-breaking age—a New York welcome. Columbus and Drake would have quailed at that final test of endurance, but our generation is made of sterner stuff. Glorious performances, both conducted in the upper air.

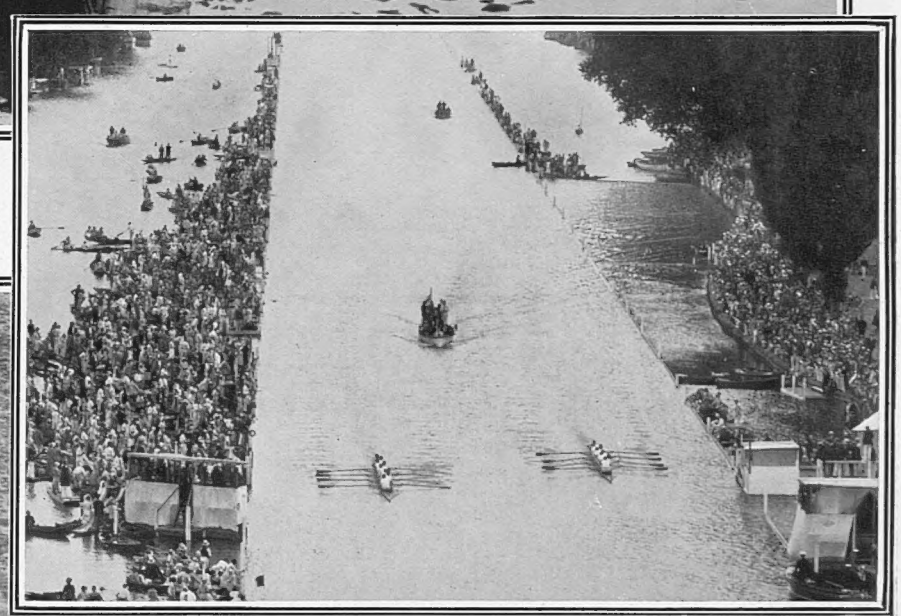
A Priceless Staff.—At the moment I believe the fate of Mr. Bellasis' carefully trained staff, which made the recent exhibition in Buenos Aires so notable a success, hangs in the balance. It is nobody's particular business to keep it together, even as a skeleton, and if it now disperses, as seems likely, there will go with it all our accumulated experience in organizing this ticklish and intricate business which during the vital years of trade re-establishment must be the finest of all methods of industrial propaganda. It is quite certain that in the next few years more of these trade exhibitions on foreign soil will be initiated. There is the vast field of China, for instance. Unless the Buenos Aires Exhibition staff is preserved as a skeleton, even the documented experience of its files will lose its value and all will be to do again. These are hard times, and doubtless it is difficult for any department to take the initiative. I should have thought it was a case in which the intervention of the Prince might be sought. His inspiration vitalized this excellent organization and I believe he could secure the preservation of its fabric by a personal appeal to the business firms who have acknowledged its value and merits.

Order to View—New Style.—It is stimulating and immensely interesting to note those little pointers which reveal to us the world of to-morrow which will be a commonplace to our children. So I was intrigued to read that an enterprising firm of estate agents are already reaping the benefits of to-morrow by forethought. All over England and Scotland great estates and smaller houses are for sale or to be let. The land is everywhere changing hands. There are always a certain number of people prepared to acquire an estate that really attracts them regardless of where it lies. To do business with such clients only an organized scheme of air transport can avail. And this has been arranged and is now being advertised by a famous firm. The busy client can inspect (from every angle) a hopeful proposition in Yorkshire and another in Wales or Devonshire, all in the course of an unhurried day. To-morrow we shall treat all this as commonplace. To-day we admire it as an example of initiative in business which is worthy of wide imitation.

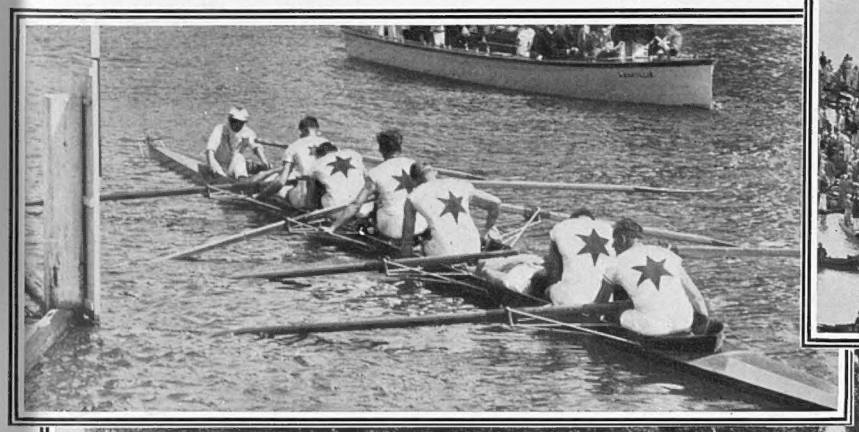
THE OLD STAGER.

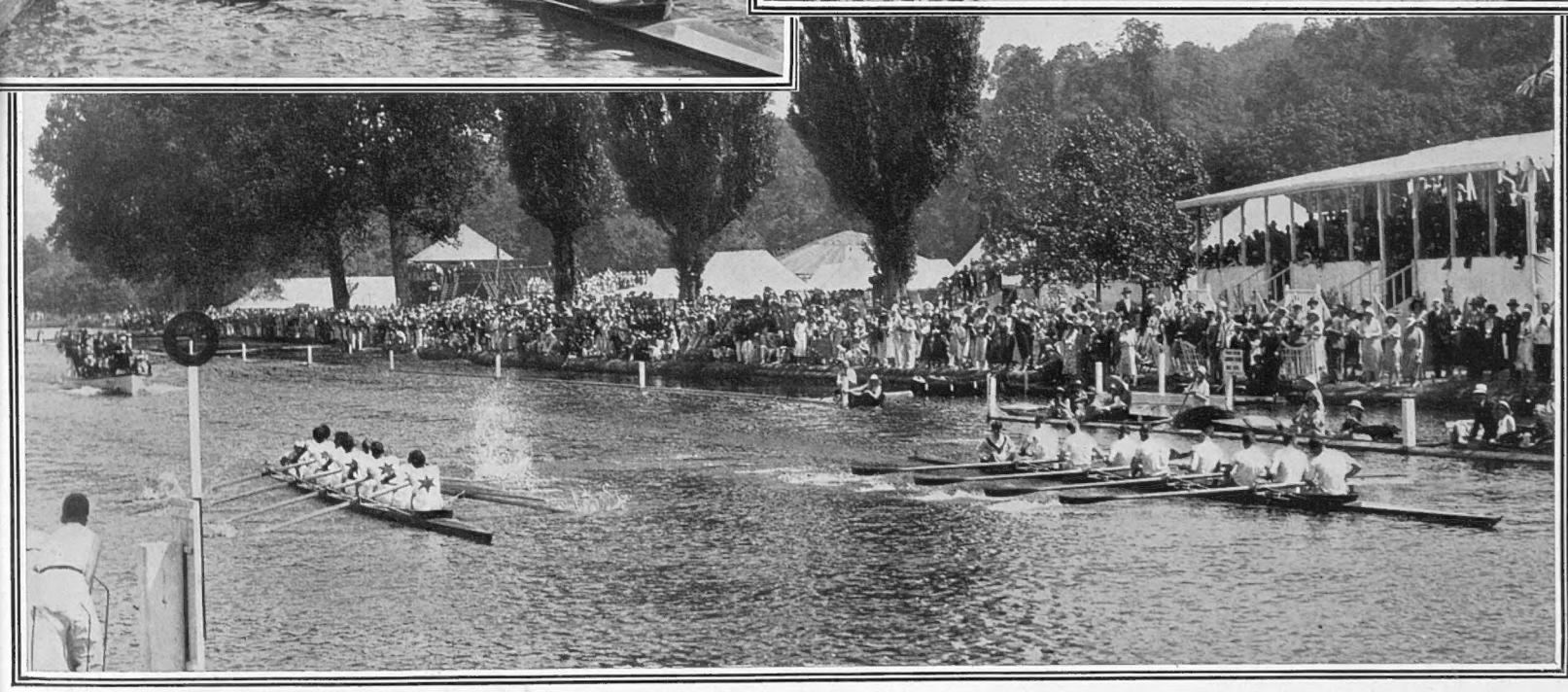
A SIGN OF THE TIMES: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Humble, who have flown from Cape Town to London in eighteen days in a tiny Puss Moth. They took alternate turns at the controls. Such an effort, performed by private folk, not as a stunt but in the ordinary way of life, shows clearly how great a hold aviation is taking on life

ENGLAND HOLDS HER OWN AT HENLEY



A HEAT IN THE CHALLENGE CUP: Jesus College (Cambridge), which has a peculiar style of rowing emulated elsewhere, beats Bedford R.C. to the joy of home supporters





THE ELIMINATION OF A GERMAN COMPETITOR: The "A" crew of the London R.C. defeats the Berliner Ruder Club eight in the Grand in the finest and closest race in the whole Regatta. All the way along the course came the cry "Germany is winning," but a superb sprint took the English crew ahead in the last half-minute. The losers are seen, inset above on left, absolutely "rowed out" after their magnificent effort. None who has not himself rowed can imagine the strain this sport puts upon the physique—for one can "carry on" until the end of the race and then one "cracks." Fainting—and remaining unconscious for considerable periods—is not unknown. Inset above on right is the finish of the final of the Grand—won by London R.C. "A" crew against Thames R.C. "A" crew. The Thames went to London R.C., the Visitors to Pembroke College (Cambridge), the Stewards to London R.C., the Ladies' to Jesus College, the Wyfold to Thames R.C., the Goblets to Christ Church, Oxford, and the Diamonds to H. R. Pearce of Canada

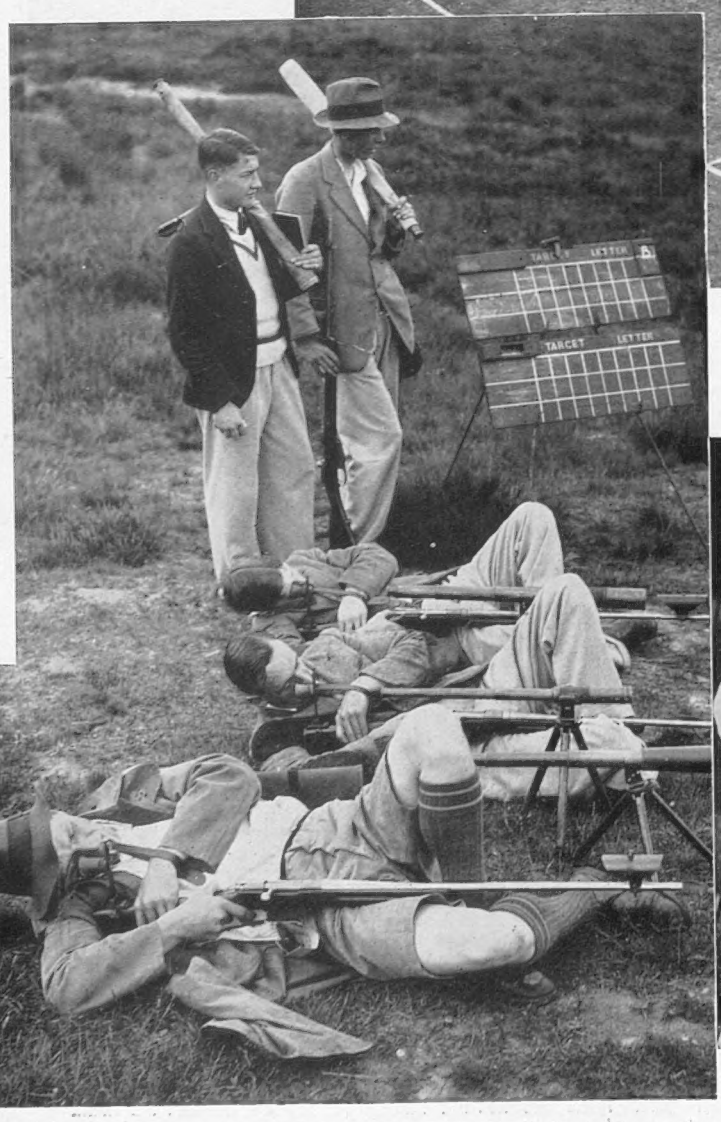
HOME NEWS

Told by the Came

AN IMPROMPTU SOLO: During the garden party, at St. James's Palace, a dancing display was held. One tiny toddler evoked applause, cheers and laughter by performing a quite unself-conscious solo

Inset above on right—
MAYORESS FOR A DAY: Miss Ruth Eldridge, one of a party of Americans, who was created Mayoress of Oxford for one day — with Dr. Stobie, the Mayor

THE RENAISSANCE OF MERRIE ENGLAND: The ancient days when we were a natural dancing nation, and not merely a nation which dances by night in clubs and halls, seemed to have come again at the fête organized by the English Folk Dancing Society in the grounds of Hitchin Priory. The marked-out ground and the white and gaily coloured costumes combined to produce a delightful and charming picture



THE LIGHT BLUE POSITION AT BISLEY: Cambridge undergraduates shooting couchant on elbow and hip. The position is quite unusual and involves the use of leather loops round wrist and gun. Shorts or "greyers" are de rigueur; hats, optional

AT THE RICHMOND DOG SHOW: Sealyhams being prepared for their presentation. Such combing, brushing, and general prinking takes place on such occasions as would have put a belle of the Edwardian era, dressing for a Court ball, to inglorious shame

EUROPEAN NEWS of the WEEK

From Rumania, France, Germany, and Italy

THE LOURDES OF RUMANIA: The little village of Sucaeva in Rumania has one great day when thousands of pilgrims flock to it. This is St. John's Day, when the relics of the saint are borne through the streets, and many cases of thaumaturgic healing have been recorded. *On right*—A typical beggar is seen

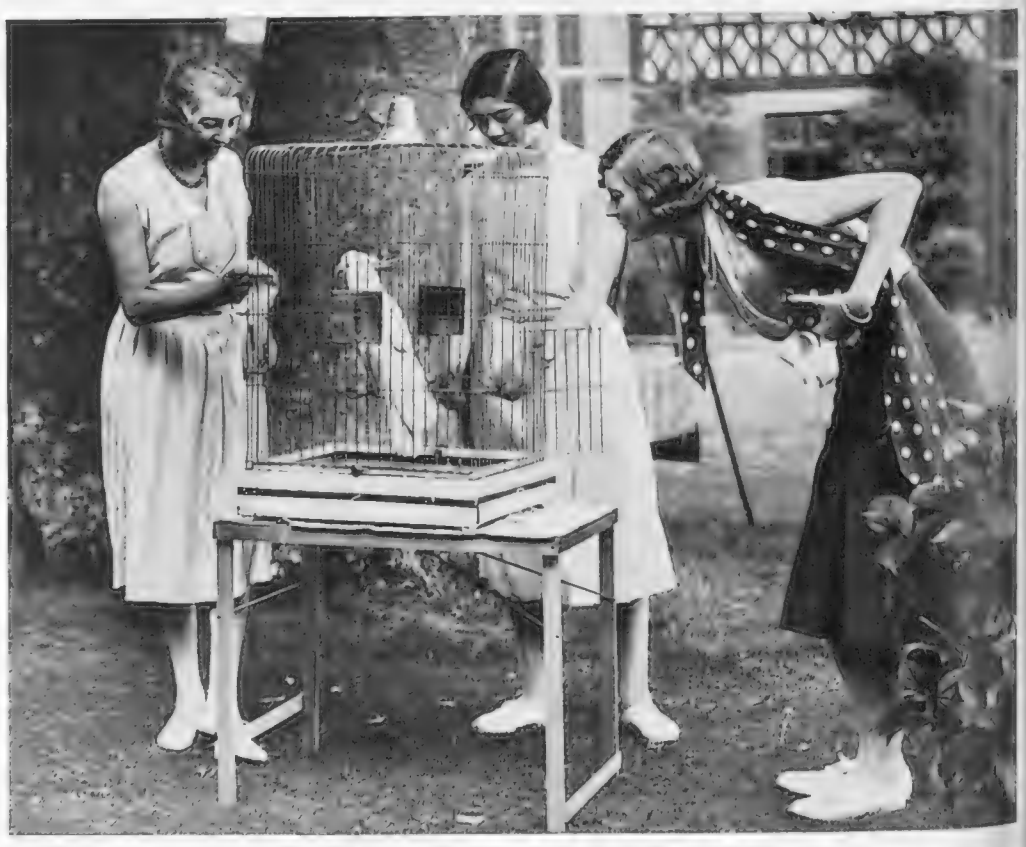
BELGIUM IN FRANCE: The open air ballet by members of the ballet of the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie which was a feature of Belgium Week at the Colonial Exhibition

A RELIC OF THE MIDDLE AGES—SIENA: The bare-back races that are annually held in the market square of this Italian town have been kept up for many years and are witnessed by 40,000 odd people. The route runs three times round the piazza, which is set out as a genuine racecourse. There are seventeen *contrades* (districts) at Siena and every one has its own colours, laws, leaders, churches, and even patron saints. Every citizen is a member of one of these organizations between which the races are run. On the day of the *Palio* (the great contest) great tapers are brought to the main churches and thereafter racing for the Palio Banner takes place. The course is by no means easy to negotiate, and mattresses are hung at dangerous corners to protect any thrown jockeys. Inset above on right Dr. Curtius is seen speaking at the unveiling of the Stresemann memorial at Mainz

THE SOCIAL ROUND

RACING AT BROOKLANDS: Two lady mechanics take a stroll over the course when the Junior Car Club held its high speed trial last week-end. A PRESENT FROM STAFFORDSHIRE: Prince George is seen in circle on left watching work in progress at Messrs. Copeland's factory at Stoke-on-Trent during his lightning tour of the Potteries. Below that picture Prince George is seen presenting pottery to C. S. Dempster, New Zealand's famous cricketer, on the Stoke-on-Trent ground. The task of going round a factory is by no means easy unless one has both practice and the gift of the appropriate word at the right moment

"SPEECHER": An Harrovian in the "tails," bow tie and fancy waistcoat worn only by the favoured few and bearing the floral emblem, the cornflower, in his buttonhole takes his little sister about on Speech Day, the annual prize-giving festivity



LADY MARY GROSVENOR COMES OF AGE: Lady Mary Grosvenor with her mother, Constance, Duchess of Westminster and Lady Ursula Filmer Sankey (wearing a spotted scarf) during the coming of age festivities of the second daughter of the Duke of Westminster and his first Duchess

A FACET OF THE COAL CRISIS: Mr. Herbert Smith arrives with delegates from Yorkshire at Transport Hall, where the National Conference of the Miners' Federation is being held

The Clash of Pit and Ballot Box

The Peril of Government by Bloc

By CHARLES T. KING

(Past Chairman of the Parliamentary Lobbyists)

Our boasted democracy is on trial in a new way. The present clash of Pit and Ballot Box (following upon the recent clash of Pit and Cloister in regard to the proposed abolition of the twelve 'varsity M.P.s while retaining the forty mining M.P.s) is an instance of this.

The long tussle between the Government and the miners this summer on hours and wages in view of the automatic restoration of the seven-hour day, previously arranged to take place in July, raises into view a principle far greater than the dispute itself.

The existence of a bloc of M.P.s paid not only by the State but also by those who send them there as spokesmen of, and voters for, one particular industry in the country is a hard fact, and it might become a danger to our alleged democratic Parliament.

It is the boast of the new age that it is against class privilege. The newest House of Commons is supposed to be the widest champion of that principle of democratic liberty which for centuries has been, in the words of Tennyson, "broadening down from precedent to precedent."

It is under the shelter of this principle that the Labour Party—including the forty miners' M.P.s—sought in this year's Electoral Bill to abolish the twelve representatives of learning. Yet the 'varsity M.P.s are in no sense a bloc.

The twelve University M.P.s are not likely to support the present Government in the division lobbies. The forty miners' M.P.s are absolutely certain to support the present Government in the division lobbies, but they have special requests of their own.

On this question of bloc-pressure on the Cabinet, I would like to throw into relief the vital differences between the 'varsity twelve and the coal-pit forty.

The twelve 'varsity M.P.s are multi-partied, two of them sitting as Independents. The forty miners' M.P.s are neither multi-partied nor independent. Neither is the Labour Party independent of them.

It is true that the miners' M.P.s are general members of the Labour Party as well. It is true that they sit as representatives of all the people in their constituencies and not only the miners. But they are selected by miners, their election expenses are paid by miners, they are elected largely by miners and the relatives of miners, and when they reach the House of Commons they are paid (and in a sense rightly paid) about £200 a year each by the Miners' Federation. That the £400 a year (less tax) paid to an M.P. by the State is too small for an M.P. to live on in London and at the same time maintain the home of his wife and family down in the constituency no one will deny. But the fact remains that in the present conflict over hours and wages in the mining industry we have in Parliament forty selected, elected, and paid delegates of one section of one party and one class, the miners.

Even then, £600 a year cannot be called big pay for these miner M.P.s, some of whom are men of outstanding ability, fine character, keen debating power, expert knowledge on social questions and public affairs, national and international, with long years of study behind them. I have watched them in Parliament for many years. Quite so. But they are paid by one section of one political party. That is one way in which they differ from the twelve elected representatives of learning.

I have heard hundreds of thousands of words spoken in debates and I have seen fights, uproars, and soporific interludes in the House of Commons, but I have never known the recently-threatened representatives of learning force a situation as such, compel a Government or a party to some definite action, and as far as my memory serves me I do not call to mind any occasion, though there may have been a few, in which the 'varsity M.P.s put even the puny punch of their small numbers unitedly behind one blow at some Government or some Bill.

On the other hand, the present contest over miners' hours and wages is an instance of the concerted power of the collective cohesion of highly-organized industry with a solid army of delegates in the House dealing with Acts of Parliament (concerning mines) passed by Parliament as a whole.

How are the miners' representatives selected, elected, and delegated to Parliament? They are the product of a close and powerful trade union. They are picked out from a host of men who are enrolled in a definite cohesive army for the interests, not only of one specific class but of one section in that class. They are picked out locally from the subscribing members or paid officers of a close, official, compact, unified, well-kneaded body of workers in one industry, namely, that of coal-mining.

A coal-miner shows platform or organizing capacity in some locality where a large proportion of the electorate consists of miners or the wives, brothers, sisters, parents, or children of miners. The local leaders or controllers of that section of the movement, in consultation with the Miners' Federation, put up that man (a miner) to be elected M.P. by miners for miners. It is true that he is also a general M.P. He sits for the whole constituency and all its individuals, be they miners, carpenters, poets, grocers, vicars, upholsterers, die sinkers, farmers, ploughmen, cowmen, or what not.

As I said above, there may be in these democratic days something to be said for the cohesion of workers in one industry to provide the money to send a member of its industry to Parliament and to keep him there with power to call him to some account. But to form a powerful bloc is against the spirit of Parliament. The House of Commons is for all of us.

The recent 'varsity contrast is germane to the whole present problem. If there were forty members sent as representatives of the 'varsities, and if they put their punch into one party for the benefit of people engaged in the industry of 'varsity-learning and had, by a collective accumulation of money, by their numbers and by their cohesion, formed a big bloc in the House and became able possibly to shape the whisper of a Cabinet, I would consider gravely whether such a body did not constitute a flaw in our free representative Parliament. In such a case I might believe a 'varsity bludgeon to be counter to the genius of our Constitution.

It is true, of course, that there are several important groups in the House, but these are composed of individual persons with special knowledge on their particular subjects whose work is advisory to the House and Government rather than of the bludgeoning type. They are not blocs. Agriculture among the Conservatives has, for instance, a special Committee, the chairman being Sir Douglas Newton, who himself goes in for scientific farming of the most advanced kind. There is a Committee of M.P.s to look after pensions and ex-Service men, while Imperial affairs have a special group containing Sir E. Hilton Young, who give deep knowledge and special experience to that part of Parliamentary work, while Sir Samuel Hoare has a group of members well versed in air matters; and there is the Empire Industries Association with Sir Henry Page Croft.

But these and other groups are not close corporations, nor are they delegates of these interests.

Now every year in the spring the Army Annual Bill has to be passed. It is a theory of our Constitution that the keeping of a standing army in time of peace is "against law." So every year we make the army come up for another twelve months' lease of life, showing the armed force that the civil power, expressed in Parliament, is uppermost; that we still live in the constitutional spirit, and that if it did not please us to pass the Army Annual Bill, the British Army would cease to be.

Yes. But we have no annual check upon the existence of a strongly organized army of workers—not general workers, but members of one particular close and definitely particularized section, although a part of the general Labour Party.

To sum up, the bloc system is foreign to our Parliamentary institutions. The only section that can be called a powerful bloc in the present House of Commons is the miners' group; and it is the duty of every admirer of liberty to watch with care any tendency to enlarge the grip of class privilege upon the House, the Cabinet, and the Ballot Box.

An Albino Python in the Philippines

THE SERPENT'S KISS: An albino python—white with golden spots—with its guardian, a girl who was born at the same time as itself

A strange friendship has gradually developed between a young native girl and an albino python. The two are the same age, and having grown up together the two are naturally fond of each other. They live in a village near Manila, in the Philippine Islands, where they are regarded as sacred, probably because all albino animals are apt to be worshipped in the East.

Albino snakes are rare and strikingly beautiful, with eyes resembling cabochon rubies. The parts which are usually brown (or yellow) are white, and a faint trace of the characteristic pattern is generally marked in a pale goldish shade, as in this case. The snake in these photographs is the reticulated, or Malay, python: *Python reticulatus*, one of the largest and most savage species, attaining a length of 30 ft. and killing its prey by constriction in its powerful coils. They are good swimmers and spend much time in the water. They will kill and eat very large animals, but seem equally fond of prowling near villages to capture quite small prey such as poultry and domestic cats. The largest specimen in the Zoological Gardens is about 27 ft., and has now become sufficiently tame to feed from the hand; but it cannot be handled or touched by strangers with safety.

Some years ago the reptile house had an exquisite albino cobra which was comparatively tame and could be handled and fed well. It was a perfect albino and might have been carved out of ivory. Unfortunately it died in a deadly fight with the black cobra with which it lived.

That this white python should be regarded as possessing healing powers by the natives is not very remarkable when one considers the Æsculapian serpent of the Old World legends. Incidentally there is much East Indian folk-lore in connection with these snakes.

It is to be hoped that no one will attempt to buy or remove this reticulated python from Manila, as obviously both girl and snake would fret, and possibly much hostility amongst the villagers might be aroused.

JOAN B. PROCTER.

COMRADES FROM BIRTH: The fourteen-year-old albino python and its friend. Both are fourteen years old and they have grown up together. The natives ascribe healing powers to the snake and worship it

THE MAN WHO HELD THE RECORD FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS: A. Ratcliffe, who was brought into the Cambridge eleven only as a reserve, hit up 201—beating by twenty-nine the previous record in a 'varsity match. The record was, however, broken by the Nawab of Pataudi in Oxford's first innings, for the Indian scored 238 not. As we go to press Cambridge are 385 all out and 92 for 6; Oxford, 453 for 8 (declared). Cambridge were allowed only seven extras; Oxford, thirty-nine

LION CUBS AT WHIPSNADE: The trio of princes of the animal kingdom which have attained great popularity at the Country Zoo. Like all animals stationed there, they enjoy the wide open spaces which form their home

DER TAG *OF PEACE: The first visit of the British Navy to Germany since the War occurred last week, when the cruisers H.M.S.* Dorsetshire *and H.M.S.* Norfolk *visited Kiel*

LORDS *and* LADIES

All is well with Cricket and all is well with Lord's, where record-breaking scores distinguished the Cricket of Monday and Tuesday's 'Varsity Match

After the gloomy predictions that have recently appeared in some newspapers that cricket is moribund, doomed to die in a year or two if not already *in extremis*, a decadent namby-pamby pastime not to be compared with the strenuous ferocity of lawn tennis, one went to Lord's this year with a certain amount of uneasiness, doubting whether it would not be more appropriate to wear mourning—or at any rate the purple of half-mourning—for the impending funeral rather than the customary "glad rags" associated with one of the traditional weeks of the London season.

And, really, Lord's is very much the same this year as it always has been and as, one hopes, it will be for many fine summers to come. Fewer people? Yes, perhaps, but everyone knows that times are hard, even if cricketers are alleged not to be. Fewer top hats? Yes, but is this to be reckoned a sign of namby-pambiness? The parsons were there in force as usual, lean and fit, or rubicund and jolly as the case may be; so were the schoolmasters, still as ever refusing to admit that Thompson major has grown up or that he would have had even a chance of getting his "Blue" if he had not been taught by the narrator himself, at his Prep. school, to "keep that left elbow well out."

The Old Blues, too, must have been a blow to the dismal Jimmies who have been blowing off steam in the papers; there they all were as boisterous and as happy and as healthy and prosperous as usual; if they are decadent and effete and lethargic, as we are told, they manage to hide it very well.

And the old veterans were putting up a good show, thoroughly enjoying their decrepit selves; the argument in their case is, I suppose, that they have re-invigorated their cricket-weakened frames with the tonic of some stiff games of croquet.

Even as a silly season topic the anti-cricket argument is too absurd to deserve serious consideration. Ask my middle-aged friend X, who regularly and conscientiously stands up Saturday after Saturday (when it isn't pouring with rain) to incredibly erratic fast bowling on bumpy country wickets, whether cricket is a namby-pamby game! And print his reply if the Censor will let it pass! There is in existence, so we are assured by otherwise intelligent people, a Secret Society, fabulously rich and enormously powerful, whose sole object is to undermine and destroy the morale of the English race. Apparently, in despair at their failure to get at us in other directions, they are trying to weaken our faith in our oldest national game.

For those who love "records" the cricket at Lord's this week has been a real luxury, with one record after another going by the board. For those of us who don't care a fig for "records" but do care a lot for good cricket and for the chance of seeing for ourselves how our young men are shaping under the unique ordeal of a 'Varsity match at Lord's, it has been a refreshment and an encouragement. They are quite up to standard, this vintage; a good sound lot, bound to improve as they approach maturity. No one will pretend to have spotted an embryo bowler for an English team on either side, though most of us go every year to this match with the sneaking hope that some such marvellous revelation will be forthcoming. But we shall have marked down several batsmen who are bound for big things, one good wicket-keeper, and at least three men whose fielding alone will, in the long run, probably be worth more to their future side than the runs they may individually make, and indeed probably will make. Cricket is all right, cricket is O.K. The New Zealanders showed us that the other day; Yorkshire and Gloucestershire combined to show us, and the 'Varsity match has shown us again, though we can get the same proof on hundreds of commons and village greens and enclosed spaces (thank goodness, they are not yet to be taxed out of existence) throughout the length and breadth of England on any fine Saturday of the summer.

I wish I could write with the same confidence about the ladies at Lord's. Of course, they are as charming and as decorative as ever, and of course Lord's wouldn't be Lord's without them; there would be no jolly, hospitable club tents on the practice ground, no colourful parades between the innings with resultant invitations to dinners and dances, no news of almost forgotten friends and distant cousins; altogether a much grimmer business.

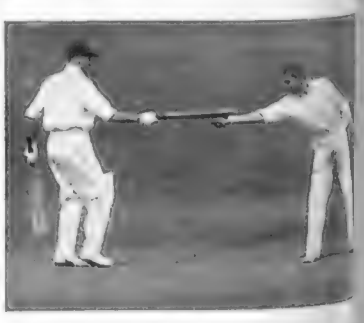
And why are they, this year particularly, so increasingly restless, bless 'em? "Rovers" is indeed a good name for them. Fifteen minutes by the clock seems to be the absolute limit of comparative immobility that most of them can achieve without roving somewhere else.

And why, if one may ask the question with all respect and interest, are this year's Lord's fashions so bewilderingly uneven? Is it to be long skirts or short? Close-fitting bathing caps on the back of the head or huge floppy brims all over the shoulders? Dolly Varden or Florence Nightingale? They ought surely to have made up their minds by now after testing, at Ascot and elsewhere, the sort of parachute effect that an English summer breeze seems to produce on these flowing draperies.

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose! Nothing can change that thrill of the clean sound of a perfectly-timed smack to the boundary, nothing can keep the Lord's crowd from rising in their seats to see if the ball is going to reach the boundary in that far corner, nothing can alter the characteristic croak of the seller of score-cards, the supreme nonchalance of the umpires. When these things change we can begin to be anxious about the future of cricket.

Meanwhile let us not forget a vote of thanks to the clerk of the weather for his timely repentance on Monday morning.

Peejay



A RECORD BREAKER: The Nawab of Pataudi borrows another bat to replace his own, which he cracked. He proceeded to get more runs. His total on Tuesday was 238, a record-breaking score

THE REWARD OF VICTORY: The Queen presents to Lord Louis Mountbatten the Challenge Cup presented by the Duke of York (seen in the background), for the victory of the polo team of the Royal Navy over the Royal Air Force team at Ranelagh last week

ROYALTY *in the* SUNSHINE

HER MAJESTY DRINKS the health of the victors in the R.N. v. R.A.F. polo match at Ranelagh before presenting the Duke of York's Challenge Cup to Lord Louis Mountbatten

ROYALTY AT A BABY SHOW: The Duke of Connaught with his grand-daughter, Princess Ingrid, on the lawn at Bagshot Park during the fete and baby show held there. The Princess is the eldest daughter of Crown Prince Oscar of Sweden, having been born in 1910, and is a sister of the Heir Presumptive, Prince Gustavus-Adolphus

THE PRINCESS PRESENTS a shawl to a baby prize-winner at the fete held in the grounds of Bagshot Park, the home of the Duke of Connaught. The Princess is Princess Ingrid of Sweden, the Duke's grand-daughter

The CITY *of the* SHEPHERD KINGS

Recent Discoveries at Gaza

By LADY (FLINDERS) PETRIE

We have all heard of the Shepherd Kings in the days of our youth, though the memory is dim with many of us. A flood of light is now thrown upon them, putting the lore of the learned to naught. Until now they were considered merely as nomads in black hair tents, but they really built themselves a huge well-fortified city on the top of a low hill commanding the riverside port near Gaza.

It was known that the Shepherd Kings, or Hyksos,

BEFORE THE TIME OF ABRAHAM: An ancient well with its original stairway leading down to the stone lining

had later developed from hair tents to earthen camps but it came as a complete surprise to us, excavating last season at Tell-el-Ajjul, to find that they had a large brick-built city of a very civilized sort. It covered twenty-eight acres of ground, or with its fortifications, about fifty acres. We unearthed long streets, and fairly straight, with side turnings, also houses both large and small. Kilns, fire-places, ovens, bathrooms, a sanctuary with built stand for foot washing, made variety in the excavations. Store-jars and water-pots stood in position. Scarabs gave the names of several Hyksos kings. One unfortunate lady had lost her pendant of granulated gold work in a main street, and this we recovered four thousand years later.

To our astonishment we brought to view their streets wide and narrow, their houses of little rooms, a mansion with its private sanctuary. Two or three of the large chambers in the part of the city which we examined had their fireplaces placed centrally and, in two instances, bath-room and lavatory were not wanting.

Who would have imagined that after 4,000 years such details of the civilization of the Hyksos should be at our disposal; that the houses of this long-departed people should stand and live for us again, and landlord's fixtures gratify our vision and give us to think? It is a serious responsibility excavating the long-hidden past for so easily can errors be made, false hypotheses erected, and false conclusions formed, and it is moreover very amusing.

The pictures seen here give some notion of the town planning of the city erected in the third millennium, and abandoned at 2,000 B.C. Antiquities were found by Bedawy workmen under our supervision. One group seemed to have been hastily amassed and then as hastily abandoned. It was apparently a plague-pit, where human remains were thrown and gold ornaments such as hair-rings were left derelict there and have only now come to light.

In the plain below the *tell* or mound, important traces were found of a yet earlier civilization—that of the Copper Age. The Canaanite who dwelt in the land before Hyksos or Israelite disturbed him, had a culture of which we know very little, till we can collect resources and dig here unhampered. We found subterraneans with stone slabs at doorways. The greyish-buff pottery of massive forms were quite different from any later sort. A copper rapier, 18 in. long, belongs to this civilization.

Alongside where the Canaanites of Ajjul lay buried, the Hyksos had their own cemetery. One citizen had his four pet donkeys interred beside him. Another had his horse by him, and contrary to expectation the horse of the Hyksos horseman proved to be a full-sized animal, with a head 22 in. long.

The various objects discovered—scarabs, pottery, goldwork, weapons—are on view at University College, Gower Street, London, from July 6 to 25, without fee or ticket.

THE CITY OF THE SHEPHERD KINGS: A street of brick houses abandoned about 2,000 B.C. in Tell-el-Ajjul

The ANCIENT *Capital of* ISRAEL

Samaria in Ruins

By LIEUT.-COLONEL H. E. CROCKER

Samaria, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Israel, was one of the most important cities of the Old Testament. From its strong position on the hill it dominated the main road between Jerusalem and Damascus.

Turning off the main road, the traveller ascends a winding cart track through olive plantations, and finally halts at the unfinished Crusaders' Church of St. John.

Leaving the car we strike off westwards across cultivation, and soon reach the ruins of the palace of Herod the Great. Earthquake and wanton destruction have left little beyond broken columns and piles of ruins. The main road, though badly damaged can still be traced, bordered by rows of columns.

Close by is the seat of justice of white marble.

THE PALACE OF HEROD: This ruined edifice has as its background the semi-circular seat of Justice

It is almost intact, and is impressive in its severe beauty. Below, in a valley, long rows of columns mark the site of the Roman circus.

On the western brow of the hill we come to the temple of Cæsar Augustus of which little remains save a gigantic flight of steps, and the scattered bases of several titanic columns that supported the portico. The statue of the god lies broken and neglected on the ground near the steps.

Adjoining the temple are the ruins of the ivory palace of Ahab, King of Israel, and husband of Jezebel. The palace has been utterly destroyed, and only the massive foundations remain to testify to the solid magnificence of the building. From the terrace, the king could have had an uninterrupted view to the Mediterranean. It is easy to imagine Jezebel watching Jehu driving up the white road stretching far below among the hills.

Close beside the palace is the great western gate, flanked by massive bastions. The door sill and socket for the bolt are still to be seen. The walls, protected by a deep moat, stretch for some distance round the city.

Samaria had to undergo many sieges, and was more than once brought to dire straits. Famine seems to have been the most formidable foe, and we read grim accounts of the inhabitants being reduced to cannibal-

THE IVORY PALACE OF AHAB: The great ruin has only its foundations extant. An expedition, however, discovered a quantity of ivory here

ism. Owing to its position on the summit of the hill, it is probable that besieging armies trusted more to famine and treachery than to their own force of arms, for it is not easy to understand how the siege artillery of those days could have been placed in position to batter down the walls.

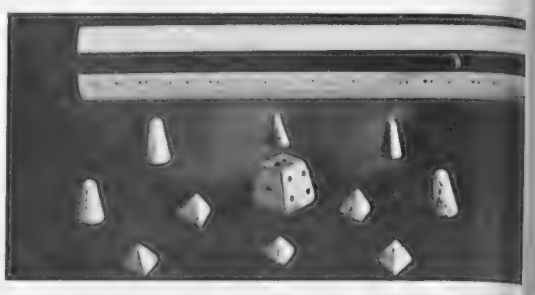
Such is Samaria—beautiful and impressive even among her ruins.

BACKGAMMON 3,500 *Years* AGO

Treasures from Kirjath Sepher

By H. J. SHEPSTONE

There has just been placed in the Archæological Museum in Jerusalem some very interesting Canaanite treasures from the library city of Kirjath Sepher. They include a remarkable preserved limestone lion, a quaint table of offerings, a complete set of pieces of a backgammon game dating back 3,500 years, and other art treasures of that period. No less an authority than Dr. W. F. Albright, of the American School of Archæology, refers to them as "the most



FOR EGYPTIAN GAMBLERS: A set of backgammon in faience. The pyramidal die with four numbers was twirled from the top by a handle

outstanding objects of archæological and historical interest so far unearthed in Palestine."

Until recently the very site of so important a Bible city as Kirjath Sepher, which means "town of books," or library, and is referred to in Joshua, was unknown. For a long time a spot known as Dhahiriyeh was taken to be the site. Latterly a conspicuous *tell*, or artificially-formed mound, 1,650 ft. above sea-level to the north-west of Dhahiriyeh called Tell Beit Mursim lying some fifteen miles to the south-west of Hebron has attracted the attention of archæologists, and here Dr. Albright and Dr. Kyle have been toiling for the past two seasons with most gratifying results.

First of all, they laid bare a portion of an old city wall and two well-preserved gates, practically the first of the early Israelite period yet found in Palestine. The sloping revetments of the walls, which vary from 10 ft. to 12 ft. in thickness and probably towered 30 ft. in height, not only date back to the Canaanite period, but resemble those found on the site of ancient Jericho. They were apparently covered with clay over which water was poured to make scaling impossible.

A shaft sunk in the site, reaching down to the level of the base of the wall where it was laid bare, seems to indicate that at four different periods the city suffered destruction by fire, as witnessed by the layers of ashes in the stratification—corresponding roughly to an Egyptian invasion about 1200 B.C.; then two destructions not far apart, being probably the reduction by Othniel and his delivery of Israel from the tyranny of Cushanrishathaim, then the destruction under Nebuchadnezzar. Since that time the site has lain bare, except for some slight Byzantine remains. Evidently weaving was quite an industry in the place judging by the number of clay weavers' weights and distinct traces and vessels for dyeing found.

At Kirjath Sepher stood a Canaanite temple probably erected to the Goddess Ashtoreth. There is evidence, declares Dr. Albright, that the Israelites not only pulled down the temple walls but smashed the goddess seated upon the throne, the altar, its furnishings, and apparently the four lions that supported the throne. As it happened, there was another lion under the throne which escaped the universal destruction, and this has now been recovered from the debris and removed to Jerusalem. The lion, which is of limestone, is in a perfect state of preservation except that one of the forefeet has been broken. It is about two feet in length and is estimated to date back to 1400 B.C.

Another interesting example of Canaanite art found under the wall of what was evidently the temple was a table of offerings, also of limestone. At three points around the rim are lion heads in relief. There was also found a complete set of pieces in faience of a backgammon game dating back at least 3,500 years. These Canaanite treasures from Kirjath Sepher are rightly regarded as discoveries of more than ordinary interest both by archæologists and Biblical scholars.

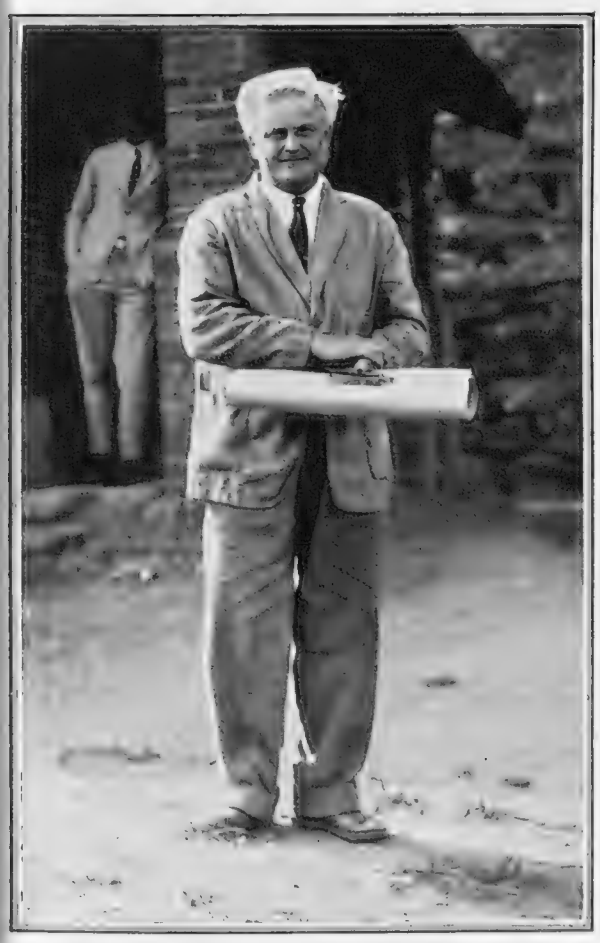
ART OF CANAAN: A limestone table of offerings with three lions in relief forming the edges

STUDIES *of* WEST AFRICAN LIFE

New Pictures taken by an Expert Expedition to Little-known Angola

BELLES of ANGOLA (obverse) Native women of Angola wearing rings of plaited cane round their necks and legs. The leg-rings proclaim that the wearers have just attained marriageable age. The hair is elaborately dressed, and the figure tends to slenderness in comparison with the bulk of the women of many coloured tribes

BELLES OF ANGOLA (reverse) The amazing coiffures worn by the natives of this West African tribe are seen above in all their elaboration. The white ornaments are family heirlooms of great sentimental value. The carriage of these Angolians is magnificent and is cultivated by the custom of carrying baskets on the head



THE EXPEDITION'S EXPERT ADVISER: Dr. Ennis, of the Boston American Mission to Angola. He has lived in the country for twenty-five years

WHEN BOYS ARE NO LONGER BOYS: Youths of Angola in the fantastic costumes they assume for the rites and ceremonies that mark their admission to full adult status in the tribe. *Inset* is another costume the donning of which is preceded by starvation and flagellation

The pictures reproduced above are the fruit of a recent Expedition sent by the Frederick H. Rawson—Chicago Field Museum into Portuguese West Africa (Angola) to gather information dealing with native life in its social, legal, religious, and artistic aspects.

REHEARSAL: M. Serge de Poligny, the assistant; M. Saint Granier, the supervisor; and M. Réné Guissant, the director, with MM. Fernand Gravey and Etchepare rehearse a scene in L'Homme en Habit *at the Paramount Studios*

PARAMOUNT *in* PARIS

The Talkies Made in Paris are Dealing Exclusively with French Themes, for no Longer will the Gaffes of Hollywood be Tolerated

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

From time to time a fiat goes forth from the Editor and reaches me in Paris. "Do this and this!" the great man has written in London, and turned carelessly to more important matters. Now I should die happy if I could but get across to the readers of THE SPHERE a bare quarter of the fun that I have had in following up the quests resulting from his pithy telegrams. When, however, I summon the necessary courage to re-read some of these occasional Parisian adventures, I try not to picture too clearly the agonizing death that obviously is awaiting me.

This time the blue French telegram form said: "Visit Paradise and report thereon." This seemed to me to signify either a disconcerting confidence in my capacity to secure what would, I recognized at once, be the journalistic "scoop" of all time, or else the broaching of an apparently remarkable old brandy of which I felt somewhat hurt not to have been summoned to partake. Accordingly I wired back: "Visit Paradise uncertain visit Hades more certain report on either doubtful." Whereupon reply came from London: "For Paradise read Paramount. As personal message to you add Ass." So thus it befell that if I lost Paradise I regained Paramount.

Joinville's skies, flaring red at night with the rays shot upwards from the Colonial Exhibition in the neighbouring forest of Vincennes, by day look down on the teeming life of Paramount City. Here wide-eyed village maidens innocently put their trust in scheming city villains, here comedians trip downstairs and carry all before them in their head-long fall, here slink apaches down narrow ill-lit side streets with fearful oath and ready knife. And we ourselves were going to see it all—the grease paint put on, the arc lights blaze, and irascible producers go off and stay several minutes down in the deep end.

The appearance of finality presented by the closed, impassive, double doors barring the road into Paramount City proclaimed a cold Tibetan discouragement to all unauthorized outsiders. A few idlers in hopes of catching a glimpse of famous stars contrasted with the conscious air of importance and secrecy worn by those who, hurrying up to a smaller side entrance, showed mysterious slips of paper to the concierge, and after close scrutiny, were admitted within the forbidden walls.

Soon we were being shown round by a courteous Egyptian who typified for us the international note of these studios when we learnt that he spoke nine languages. The Joinville studios are built in the gardens of the Bercy family's old country house. The house itself is now known as "Sound Villa," and to it lead all the wires from the six separate stages in order that the dialogue of the tragedies and comedies being photographed there may be recorded. As excited as two children we entered a vast studio whose confusing details we slowly took in.

The inside of a film studio and the humours of rehearsals have been the subject of so many sketches and stories that there seems no need to describe them again. Suffice it to say that the reality fully came up to my expectations. I was thrilled to see the shirt-sleeved American sound experts hurrying to and fro adjusting the microphones suspended from stands which looked not unlike gigantic retorts out of the "stinks" block of my school-days; the producer did indeed disappoint me, I must say; I was expecting an exasperated tyrant, alternately cursing and calling the actresses "darling"; all I saw was a very calm Frenchman whose voice never rose above a pleasant conversational tone; the artists showed no signs of temperament run wild, but listened to what he had to say and seemed to agree with me in thinking his suggestions sound sense.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL MOMENT: M. Alexanderson, the Swedish figure in the industry; M. Bataille-Henri, the author, M. Maurice Chevalier, the world figure, and Mlle Daniele Parola who made a great success in Les Amours de Minuit, *and is now starring in London*

Readers will recall an interesting and authoritative article which appeared in these pages on February 7 of this year. A correspondent of THE SPHERE there pointed out that from being a negligible factor, London had now become the second and most important film centre of the world. It will therefore be interesting to ask how the Paramount studios, which began work in Paris just over a year ago, are likely to affect the British film industry.

Films played in English may be left out of consideration, since none are produced in Paris.

The first noteworthy fact is that the Paramount authorities have now realized the seriousness of their initial mistake in attaching French or other foreign language dialogue to films originally played in English. If a situation, a gesture or an idea, in an American silent film played by American artists struck the continental cinegoer as foreign, he merely said: "Ah! *That's* how they do things in America, is it?" and thought no more about it. But small though the difference might be thought at first glance, when he saw the same film with dialogue spoken in his native French or Italian, the inference being that this was meant to represent life as he himself lived it, he rose in revolt against this travesty of his own ways of thinking, dressing, and living. The introduction of "faked" dialogue underlined the complete foreignness of the film and he was no longer able to watch the behaviour of these foreigners with a detached speculative interest. After the novelty of the talkies had worn off in Paris, there were cat-calls and some rioting in the cinemas in protest against such American films as *Fox Follies* and the *Hollywood Revieu*. Paramount has learnt its lesson, and now produces talking pictures by native artists with native directors as we do in England.

The French themselves, however, are now carrying on a persistent propaganda against pictures produced by American companies in France, and a big impetus has been given to genuine French producers. Much money has been invested in old and new French ventures, and I am in a position to say that several more new French companies will begin work on films in several languages in the near future.

But London has two great advantages as yet. Its studios began first, are splendidly equipped, have experienced technicians, and, most important of all, there is no strong feeling against British-made pictures in any part of the world. The British producers must persist in their policy of producing native-spoken and directed films, and in their choice of subjects for plays they must be guided by the prevailing tastes in different countries. No generalizations can ever be entirely true, but the following suggestions might well be kept in mind by British producers. The Scandinavian countries tend to like gloomy Ibsenite themes and are not afraid of tragic endings; Teutonic tastes approach our own generally, but have a strong interest in the fantastic and macabre; and the Latin countries are more especially stirred by unsentimental dramas of strong passion.

All my information suggests a speeding up of continental film production, but if the British take advantage of their earlier start, the absence of anti-British prejudice, and if, in drawing up their production programmes, they will let themselves be advised by foreigners of talent who know the requirements of their own countries, I see no reason at all why London should not maintain and even improve greatly its present fine position.

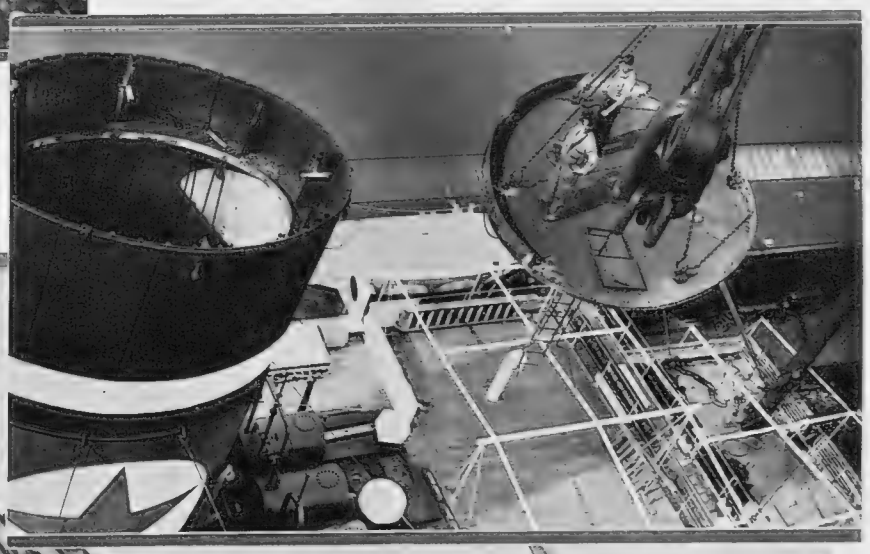
On left—*MAKE-UP: The Indo-Chinese film star, Princess Hoang Thi-The who appears in the French talky, the Somerset Maugham play,* The Letter. *The Princess's father fought against the French years ago*

MECHANICS *of the* WORLD

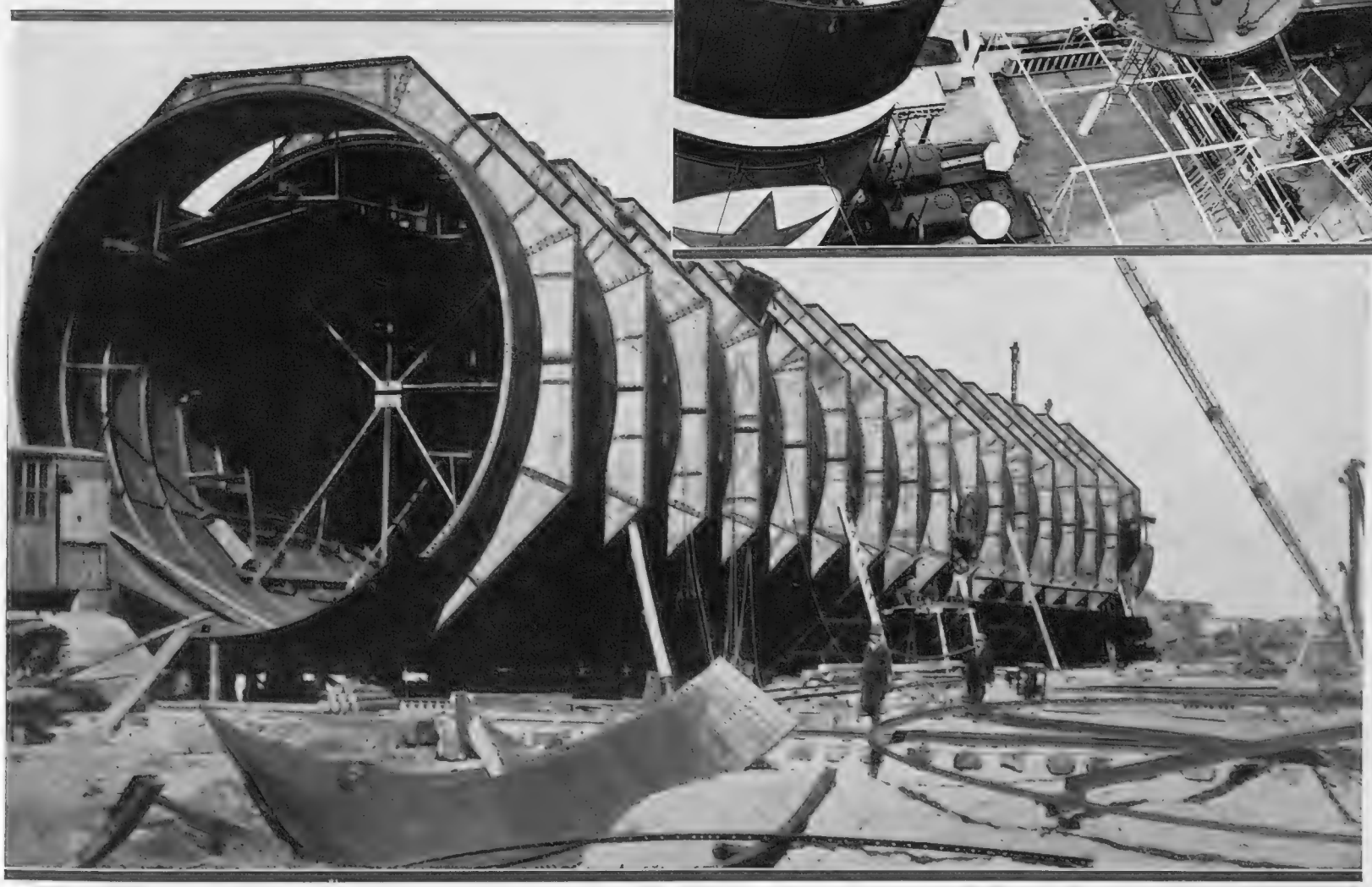
The Latest Engineering Achievements and Projects

THE WELLINGTON JUBILEE FLOATING DOCK: This great dock has been successfully launched (by Mr. A. G. Barnett of New Zealand) in sections at the Wallsend shipyard of Messrs, Swan, Hunter, and Wigham Richardson, Ltd. They are now being fitted together prior to their long and arduous journey to the other end of the world

A CRANE FOR GLASS: A transport crane which grips a sheet of glass with a vacuum suction apparatus, raises it and carries it to the works trolley on which it is safely deposited—a remarkably delicate achievement



Inset. *TAKING THE LID OFF: The roof of the funnel of the Blue Star Liner* Avelona Star, *was lifted off in Victoria Docks, London, to enable a 22 ton gear-wheel to be lifted from the engine room through the funnel. The wheel is to be recut. The Thames mammoth crane was used to lift it*



THE FIRST TUNNEL BETWEEN NATIONS: A section of the Detroit and Canada tunnel—the first vehicular subway ever built to connect two nations. It is a mile long, the roads are 22 ft. wide. It will take 2½ years to build and cost £5,000,000. It runs under the Detroit river

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

MORATORIUM.—Constructive forces in the world are beginning to stir at last. For the first time there is ground for hope that the end of the universal economic crisis is approaching. These forces were set in motion by Mr. Herbert Hoover, President of the United States, quickly and splendidly supported by the British Government. Mr. Hoover's initiative, in proposing that the heavy claims of allied war debts and German war reparations be struck from the nations of Europe for one year, met with almost universal acclaim. Britain quickly extended it to the debts of Australia and the Dominions as well.

It was not idealism alone on the part of the American President, but sound business. Within a few days the rise in the value of shares on the stock market in New York totalled more than the annual war debt payments to America for ten years. London, Paris, Berlin, other bourses and stock markets profited greatly, too, by the wave of hope and optimism released by Mr. Hoover.

It is regrettable that the resistance of France to the American proposal, and the lengthy negotiations in Paris, have taken so much from the first tremendous psychological effect throughout the world of the move. It was a sane, sensible, statesmanlike action. One wonders why it was not taken sooner. It is a question now, however, whether it has not come too late to avert serious political and economic disorder in Central Europe in the next six months. The period is short—too short. With prospects of resumption of payments at the end of that time, it will at best be a year of uncertainty and uneasiness in Germany, a state of affairs not conducive to the granting of badly-needed credits. With 4,000,000 unemployed in midsummer, finances and economics so deep in the mire, there is no popular relief in sight for the Germans, even with the moratorium for one year.

The Germans have made up their minds that there must be "revision" of reparations and, unless all signs mislead, they are going to bring that about—if not in one way, then in another. Hitler, Stahlhelm, Reichswehr, Communism, Police, are names which will often appear in despatches from Germany before that goal is reached.

DIPLOMACY OVER THE DINNER TABLE.—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Arthur Henderson have created a new "At Home" diplomacy and statesmanship which is quickly becoming the vogue.

The Prime Minister let Berlin know that he would be "At Home" in Chequers to the German Chancellor, Dr. Bruening, and Foreign Minister, Dr. Curtius. It was the forerunner of President Hoover's proposal for a one-year moratorium for allied war debts and German reparations. Now the French Premier, M. Laval, and Foreign Minister, M. Briand, also are going to give an "At Home" in Paris to the German Chancellor and the Foreign Minister.

In the meantime, Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Henderson will visit Berlin on July 17 and enjoy German hospitality. Following Paris, Mussolini will be "At Home" to the two German statesmen in Rome, and then it will be M. Briand's turn to make a return call in Berlin.

A political merry-go-round. The new diplomacy of luncheons, dinners, teas, wines, beer, and pretzels. May the chef in each place influence diplomacy for the best!

AIR WEBS OF THE WORLD.—Regular commercial air-routes of the world, linked end to end, would encircle the earth more than six times. This gleaming web of aerial communication, spun by the shuttle-like movements of graceful aircraft, is ousting the ancient and picturesque in favour of the modern and — in the case of flying-machines — beautiful. 172,000 miles of commercial airways were in regular operation last year. This year is already seeing considerable extensions over desert, jungle, swamp, and mountains. By October, it is planned that aeroplanes will supplement dog-teams on fourteen of the twenty-five mail routes in Alaska.

THE GRAVE OF THE POSEIDON: *Dark patches of oil on the surface of the sea off Wei-Hai-Wei, where the ill-fated submarine sank in 20 fathoms of water. Cutters are seen waiting in the hope of picking up survivors. Twenty seconds after this picture was taken, four of the six men to escape by the Davis apparatus appeared on the surface. The commander of the* Poseidon, *Lt.-Com. B. W. Galpin, has been court-martialled on the charge of "hazarding his ship," and dismissed his ship with a severe reprimand*

America leads in air-line mileage with 49,000 miles, or more than one-fourth of the total. Newark is the world's busiest air-port, with eighty scheduled arrivals and departures daily—a 'plane arriving or leaving every eighteen minutes during the twenty-four hours.

According to a survey made by the Aeronautics Division of the Department of Commerce, France comes second with 18,000 miles. "But if all the air-services under the Union Jack were grouped together, the British Commonwealth of nations would be second in mileage with some 28,100 miles. The four leading divisions are Australia, 9,000 miles; Great Britain, 8,100 miles; Canada, 7,000 miles; and British Africa, 4,000 miles. Germany's mileage, more than 12,000, is third. Most of the German lines are confined to her own boundaries. The Dutch have the longest air-mail line in the recently opened Royal Netherland Air Navigation Company's route to Java."

"South America is completely ringed with commercial airways, with three different lines running parallel to each other down the East coast from Natal to Buenos Aires. Every country and foreign colony on the Continent has regular air-service. Soviet Russia, claiming 18,000 miles of commercial airways in operation in the Union this year, has lines running east as far as Lake Baikal in Central Siberia and south to Teheran. An arctic line to Northern Siberia points along the Yenisei River has just been blazed by a 'plane using skis."

China's airways already connect several of the largest cities in the country. Owing to the dearth of road and rail communication, aircraft has been, and still is, in demand for war purposes. The peaceful development and commercial exploitation of China's vast and almost unknown resources will also have to depend upon air-survey and transport, until the 1,000,000 miles of road and 100,000 miles of rail, deemed the minimum essential for China's development by Sun Yat-sen, have been constructed. Which is not likely to be very soon.

NO GATHERING AT THE POLE.—The "Whale" and the "Eagle" will not keep their tryst at the North Pole this year. The adventurous and fantastic rendezvous at the Pole between Sir Hubert Wilkins in his submarine *Nautilus*, and Dr. Hugo Eckener in the German airship *Graf Zeppelin*, has been postponed. The British explorer cannot now reach the North Pole during the first days of August as planned—if at all this summer—owing to the breaking down of the engines of the *Nautilus* while crossing the rough Atlantic and the time consequently now required for repairs at Plymouth.

Unfavourable meteorological conditions in the vicinity of the Pole after the first half of August disincline Dr. Eckener to chance the greater risks to his airship. Professor Samoilovitch, the Russian explorer, who, in charge of the ice-breaker *Krassin*, rescued the Nobile group after the disaster to the *Italia*, emphasized that should anything happen to the *Graf Zeppelin* beyond the 85th degree later than the middle of August, the chances of rescue for the aerial expedition, with its forty-five persons, would indeed be small.

Two other factors influenced the decision temporarily to call off the polar rendezvous between submarine and airship—the uncertainty as to whether Sir Hubert Wilkins can still get to the vicinity of the Pole this year, and the fact that Dr. Eckener is under agreement with the German Ministry of Posts to make two round-trip flights to South America in the latter half of August.

The *Graf Zeppelin* is now scheduled to start on an arctic flight about July 25 with a number of scientists aboard, but only to go as far as the 82nd degree. That is 600 miles from the Pole. Insurance beyond that degree has been refused for the airship, except at prohibitive premiums. Dr. Eckener now proposes to make a more or less experimental flight in the direction of the New Siberian Islands, to test the adaptability of the airship for arctic regions, in preparation for a more important expedition next year.

With the abandonment of the plan for a rendezvous between the submarine and the airship at the North Pole, public interest waned, and the Hearst newspapers, which were financing the polar flight, withdrew. It is hoped that the idea may be carried out next year.

ELECTRIC "QUICK ONES."—Hospitality of the stimulating order will in future be offered from electronic tubes, instead of hip-flasks or glasses, according to Orestes H. Caldwall, former member of the Federal Radio Commission, branding cocktails as old-fashioned and inefficient compared with that exhilarating pick-me-up, a tubeful of high-frequency radio heat.

"In Vienna," Caldwall said at the Engineers' Club, "Dr. Wagner-Hauregg has made frequent experiments with high-frequency stimulation applied to the brain, by putting the subject's head in a heat cabinet. The result was very much the same as the stimulation obtained from a properly mixed cocktail."

The electronic tube does not mix anything or supply refreshment. It induces body-heat, exhilaration, and speeds up the mental processes. In addition, it is claimed that it can be used to rid the body of blood infections by raising the patient's temperature to 103 or 105 degrees, remove diseased portions of the body by a controlled, wasting fever in the affected area, and reduce surplus fat.

The inventive urge is no respecter of persons. That is the opinion of B. Hamilton Edison, managing director of the First International Patent Exposition in Chicago, inspired to his conclusions by the major-general (in the United States army) responsible for the invention of a new powder-puff; the girl-typist inventor of an innovation in the way of sparking plugs; the three spinsters proudly showing a handy new type of men's braces buckle, to mention but three unusual combinations of inventor and gadget.

DISCUSSION ON THE MORATORIUM: A general meeting of German bankers and financial experts held in Berlin to discuss the situation caused by President Hoover's "War Debts Holiday" plan. From left to right: *Herr Joel, Secretary of State; Herr Steiger, Minister for Agriculture; Herr Schreiber; Dr. Luther, President of the German State Bank, and Dr. Bruening, the Premier. Under the Moratorium, France loses £20,000,000 and Great Britain £11,000,000*

NEWS from ABROAD

"The Sphere" Surveys the World

ELECTION IN SPAIN: A scene during the polling for the Cortes Constituyentes in Madrid. The Marquess of Lema and ex-Minister Señor Benjamin En Cola are seen queueing up at the gates of the Electoral College, while señoritas canvas them with electioneering literature

RUMANIA'S CROWN PRINCE: The stafeta, *a tiny flag which has been carried round the frontiers by the* graniceri, *or frontier guards, in eleven days, handed to Crown Prince Michael to be given to King Carol*

QUINCENTENNIAL: Historical German soldiers in the procession celebrating the 500th anniversary of the Brandenburg Rifle Association

HONOURING THE KING-EMPEROR IN CEYLON: Despite the announcement that the holding of the King's birthday parade depended solely on weather conditions, thousands drawn from different parts of Ceylon assembled on Galle Face Green at the review of troops by the Governor in honour of the King's sixty-sixth birthday. An overhead view of the grand parade is here seen

SABBATARIAN WAR: Jerusalem has been riven into two camps on the question of sport on the Sabbath. The Orthodox Jews declared they would prevent, if necessary by force, the holding of a football match on the Holy Day. British and native police and mounted police were called out to prevent rioting. On left Orthodox Jews are seen at the sports ground, while on right the fur-capped Eskenazim (Orthodox) Jews are seen in force ready for trouble. The match did not take place

The Peregrine Falcon: This is the largest and most powerful of the British varieties of the species. Despite the active animosity of game-keepers and the covetousness of egg-collectors, the bird yet maintains itself in the wilder parts of the country, owing to its habit of laying its eggs on some totally inaccessible ledge of cliff. The picture above was taken by Mr. Alan Walmsley, who was fortunate enough to be able to erect a hide within 8 ft. of the eyrie—a rare occasion to observe this bird of prey in its natural haunt

New NATURE STUDIES for "THE SPHERE"

The Badger: A creature of the dark, a wanderer through the midnight woods, is the badger. By day it lies hidden in the remotest recesses of the great earth, or "sett," within which it dwells, only leaving its fortress when the sun has set, and taking care to be back underground before daybreak. Thus it is seldom seen, and has a reputation for scarcity that it does not deserve, being in fact a comparatively common animal, which has much increased of late years, and is now met with in most counties. A mild and inoffensive beast, save if attacked, when its strong jaws enable it to make a great defence, it lives on varied fare which includes young rabbits, wasp nests, carrion, grubs, frogs, earth worms, and any odds and ends it may meet with during its nightly rambles. On these it sups, ere jogging off home to make up its bed and retire for the day. In cleanly habits the badger is an example to all, for not only does it take in grass and fern to make a nice dry nest, but always draws out of its hole any damp soiled material; besides which, every now and again, it has a great "spring cleaning," when the underground mansion is thoroughly overhauled. The picture is by Frances Pitt

One of the rarest of British mammals is the Pine Marten, once common in these islands, but now found only on the fells of the Lake District, in the wilds of the Highlands, and the west of Ireland. Allied to the stoats and weasels, it is a lovely creature, being clad in chocolate-brown fur, which is darker below than above, with a patch of cream on the throat, which is sometimes almost orange in tint, a brush like a squirrel, a face like a little fox, and the most engaging expression. Originally a tree-dweller, hunting the squirrel through its overhead world, it is now driven to take refuge among the crags, where it leads a precarious existence, being harried and persecuted by the sheep farmers of the hills, who allege it attacks their lambs. Thus this beautiful animal gets more and more rare, and the time will undoubtedly come when it has to be placed among the creatures exterminated within historic times. In the days when it was common in our big woodlands it was often hunted with hounds; but such times are long passed, and now the only people who ever see it are those whose business takes them out on to the wild hills where they may chance across one sunning itself on the ledge of a crag, or curled up under the shelter of a juniper bush.—F.P.

The British Pine Marten: A nearly full-grown "kitten" with its vulpine yet attractive expression, pictured by Frances Pitt

SCOTLAND —LAND OF LOCH AND MOUNTAIN

HIKING IN THE HIGHLANDS: A trio of the Misses 1931, knapsack on shoulder, staff in hand, stride barelegged along the border of a loch in Glen Dochart. The Highlands offer the most glorious hiking possibilities for the scenery is varied and beautiful with vast stretches of moorland and hill country through which one can walk for miles

A PAINTED GLORY OF SCOTLAND: Tummel Bridge. The falls on the Tummel in the environs of Killiecrankie and Pitlochry are one of the loveliest of Scotland's many beauty spots. On the right—THE SERENITY OF LOCH NESS: This is the last loch through which the boats from Glasgow to Inverness on the Caledonian Canal route make their way. In the foreground is Urquhart Castle

ON THE WEST COAST: A halt in the hills near Loch Awe. This is hard by Oban, the great yachting and touring centre in the west. The wildness of this section of Scotland is its greatest charm—the riven coast involving tortuous journeys along roads buttressed by mountains and bordered by lochs

Special pictures for "The Sphere" by Ian Smith

THE RIPPLED MIRROR OF SILVER: A loch in Glen Dochart. In this country one can, on occasion, sit bathed in sunshine while watching a storm lowering and breaking on the neighbouring hills

The "GARASIA GURBA" of the BHI

A Hill Tribe performs its Ritual and Traditional Dance, the *Gurba*, with the Women forming a Crescent in the Centre and the "Ballet Master" conducting the Evolutions with an Umbrella

The Bhils are a sturdy aboriginal race scattered over a great part of India and have been from time immemorial savage forest dwellers. With the march of civilization the Bhils of the lowlands have become little distinguishable from the low-caste Hindus in appearance, but they cling tenaciously to such customs as the Garasia Gurba dance. It relates to the assignment of land and is a survival from the still recent days when such grants were made by the neighbours of the Bhils to purchase immunity from maurauding. The Indian native photographer who took this picture obtained it from a somewhat elevated point of view looking down into the circle of dancers. The men were arranged in a wide circle standing closely together with the right hand generally placed on the shoulder of the man in front. The womenfolk were arranged in a much smaller circle which had an opening towards the spectator. They also were pressed closely together, the hand upon the shoulder of the preceding dancer. One male dancer is directing the proceedings with an umbrella.

ROYAL INTEREST: The King and Queen with ex-King Manuel of Portugal, Princess Marie Louise, and Sir Phené Neal, Lord Mayor of London, in the Royal box. M. Fleuriau was present on Finals Day but witnessed only French defeats

LOTT AND VAN RYN, who won the doubles despite the former's "cracking" in the fourth set of a gruelling match

COCHET AND BRUGNON, the former of whom took too many risks, while the latter was erratically brilliant

"BETTY" AND "EILEEN," who might have won the doubles had the court-craft of one and the ground shots of the other been better

MLLE SIGART AND MLLE METAXA, who proved even finer in defeat than in victory, and played most attractive tennis throughout

SHIELDS AND BOROTRA, who played a thrilling semi-final which was decided in set I after 9 set points

FRÄULEIN AUSSEM AND FRÄULEIN KRAHWINKEL, who are the first German finalists at Wimbledon

TEA! One of the most popular side-shows of Wimbledon

MISS SCRIVEN, who is the great discovery for play, nerves, and fighting spirit of the world-year in tennis

FIREWORKS
Wet and Dry—
In the Wimbledon FINALS

Wimbledon has come and gone—to the usual confounding of the prophets, and the Great Resurrection of English Tennis, it hailed with columns of puff and bluff as a meteor, a very bolt of Jove, has gone out like a firework. Only one of the multi-coloured lights that blazed in the firmament of racquet and ball after the first week still burns with a steady fire. This is the star—the new star—of Miss Scriven, whose superb nerves carried her so far in 1931, and, with care, training, patience, and most important of all, lack of undue publicity, will maintain her place in the firmament of the *jeu de paume*.

One or two matches stand out in memory: the defeat of Cochet in Round 1 by Nigel Sharpe, the defeat of Miss Nuthall in the round of the last eight by Miss Jacobs, the defeat of Miss Jacobs in the semi-final by Fräulein Krahwinkel, the defeat of Hughes and Perry in the semi-final by Lott and Van Ryn, the defeat of a grim Borotra in the semi-final by a forceful Shields, and the defeat of Miss Nuthall and Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall in the semi-final by the Franco-Belgian pair, Mlle Metaxa and Mlle Sigart.

Finals day was, without undue exaggeration, a farce. Of Shields' scratching (as of Perry's in the Mixed) there is nothing to say. There were four matches (I do not count the final of the Plate) to be considered; there were fourteen sets played; there were three sets well worth seeing, and two of reasonably good "outside court" tennis. The rest was worthy only of oblivion.

The Men's final—Cochet-Brugnon v. Lott-Van Ryn—produced two really fine sets—the third and fourth. The trouble with the French pair was that for two sets Brugnon, who subsequently shone as I have never seen him shine before, could not find his touch; and Cochet tried to play the shots he played with ease against the Australians in 1928—and could not play them. In set 4, Lott, who had been deadly overhead, cracked, and was "nursed" (a technical term of "crack" tennis which signifies verbal encouragement and tender pats on shoulder and hip between games) with due solicitude by his safer but not so brilliant partner. He made a commendable recovery, however, and, in the last set, played with inspiration. A memorable *vignette* of the match was Cochet's face when serving—a grim care characterized every first and second service, and a prudent restraint. Never once did he hit one hard—to the ultimate destruction of his side, for it was his delivery that, for the first two sets, was the vulnerable one.

The final of the Mixed was lamentable. Lott, after his rest, showed no trace of his previous cracking; Mrs. Harper was, as ever, just adequate; but Collins, gaunt, angular, and seeming a bundle of nerves, played the most regrettable game. One would have thought—to see him leaping all over the court, to the net, to the tramlines on the wrong side, to the baseline, to the net again—that his partner was Miss Rabbit of Hutch, not Miss Joan Ridley of Surrey of rock-like steadiness. His smash was indecisive. His service, awkward to deliver, and, when it comes in, awkward to take, consisted of three double-faults in one game and many scattered elsewhere; the ball going with untakable viciousness, on one occasion, into the tramline on the server's side! Nerves—nerves—nerves—and nothing else at all.

And speaking of nerves, we come to the women. Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall lost her single against Switzerland's Mlle Payot from nerves and nothing else; in the "semi" of the doubles, however, she was, at the net, brilliant. Off the ground she was by no means sure. Miss Nuthall, whose powers of strategy are not commensurate with her power of stroke, was more responsible than her partner for their defeat. They should have slaughtered the Continental pair, deft though Mlle Sigart be at the net, courageous though Mlle Metaxa was off the ground, but for Betty's easily anticipated game which, on Saturday, had not the pace to defy anticipation.

I am still puzzled how this allied pair—whose performance and whose attractiveness proved again the Cavell dictum that "Patriotism is not enough," for they won the sympathy and good will of the crowd in the final—lost the title. It could only have been due to the powerful drives and heroic heart of Miss Mudford. Mrs. Shepherd-Barron proved indifferent both in the air and off the ground. On Saturday her lob was the only thing to recommend her game. At the net her positional play was inept and her volleying half hearted and indecisive.

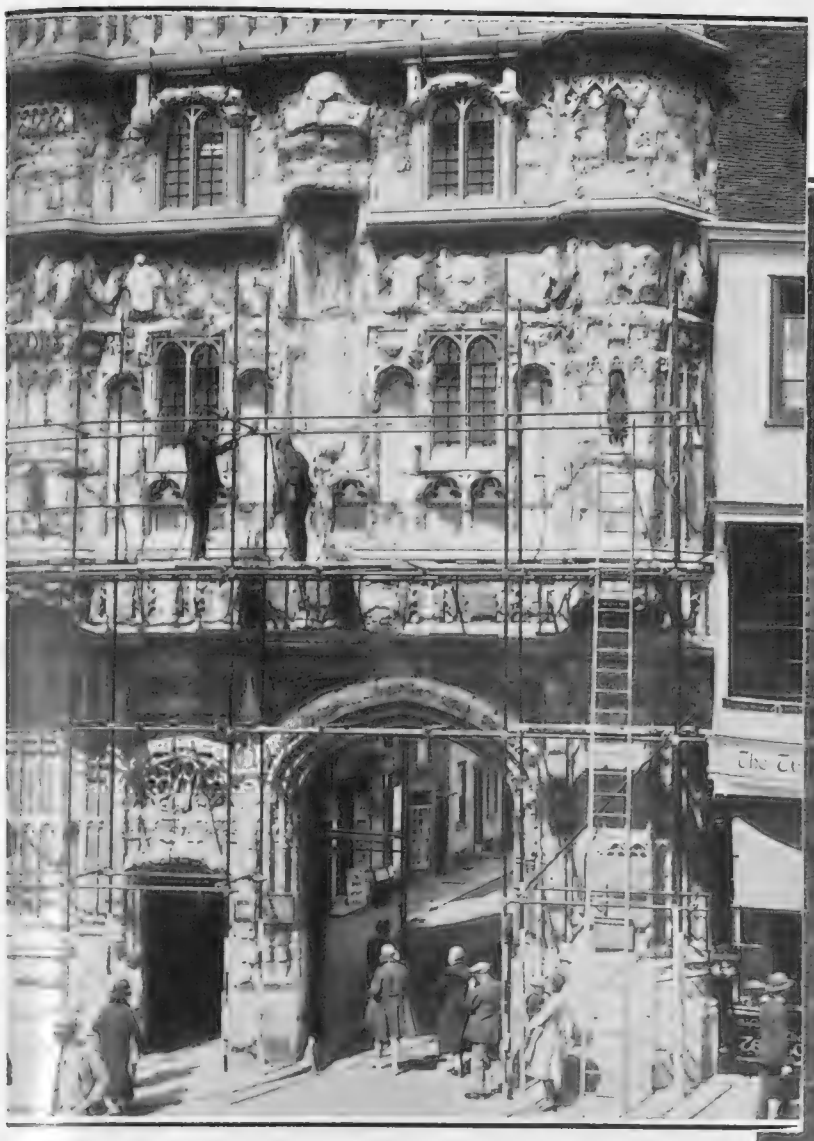
This match was marred also by poor umpiring. It is certain that false decisions are inevitable in fast tennis, until linesmen are given seats *above*, not *on*, the court (above the court the pace of the ball seems slower and its place of contact is consequently, more easily discerned). But false decisions should be more evenly distributed. It was a grateful revelation of evolution that the Latins, traditionally "nervy," "temperamental," and (we *have* heard) "bad-tempered," continued to play with unruffled demeanour and unspoiled strokes. Mlle Sigart had bad luck with well-judged interceptions, and Mlle Metaxa deserves unstinted praise for her superb endurance in long-drawn rallies with that wicked fore-hand of Miss Mudford's in which she almost held her own. Had she, however, driven with the same power at the player at the net (a fracture of the canons of class tennis, *bien entendu*), it is certain that she and her partner would have won.

It is to be hoped—and very sincerely to be striven for—that England, who has led the world and set the standard of good sportsmanship for generations, is not going to allow herself to be beaten in this not inessential aspect of the game as she has been in the game itself. One visiting player showed to what lengths chagrin could go, by chucking his racket after the unattainable ball that had lost him the match. The racket caught a linesman in the eye. Nothing quite so flagrant has transpired on the part of any English player, but there have been "incidents" regrettable enough. First-class tennis should be characterized by first-class sportsmanship and first-class court manners.

Tennis is inevitably a game of Ifs, English tennis more than most. *If* Austin does not crack in the fifth set of his match; *if* Eileen Bennett does not, having having had to wait two hours to play, suffer from nerves; *if* Collins does not, also on account of nerves, try to do too much; *if* Miss Nuthall can learn courtcraft and not rely solely on punch and power, but would take a lesson from, say, Roper Barrett in "thinking" her opponents instead of driving—and sometimes over-driving—them out of court; *if* Miss Round can switch her confidence in Sabbatarianism into confidence in herself; and, above all, *if* Perry can control his temper and Miss Mudford can learn to volley as decisively as she hits off the ground (for on these two players I place most of my hopes for the future); and finally, *if* the L.T.A. takes as much trouble with Miss Scriven as it has with other, less promising, players, then the Wimbledon of 1932 *may*, and that of 1933 should, see England again at the top of the Tennis tree.

G. H. W. Ramsey

FROM ENGLISH PROVINCES



RESTORATION AT CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: The erection of the scaffolding at Christ Church Gate, Canterbury Cathedral. The gate was erected in 1517 and, together with other portions of the great edifice, is undergoing reconstruction

RELICS OF IMPERIAL ROME: After a well-preserved tesselated pavement was unearthed by accident on an allotment at Ipswich, further excavations were made and a complete Roman encampment was discovered. This contained pottery and ornaments. The tesselated pavement is seen above

CAMOUFLAGED COTTAGES: The back view of the cottage erected in 1790 by the Squire of Tattingstone, Suffolk. In order not to spoil his view he decorated the front with a replica of a Norman church and a dummy tower

ELEVENSES FOR THE HORSE: A haymaking vignette from Sussex. The job of haymaking is one of the the thirstiest known to men—and beast!

UNIQUE: The only place where Bath brick is made is Bridgwater, Somerset. The River Parrett deposits a fine silt in certain spots. This is dug out, made into the form of bricks, baked in kilns, and used for cleaning

The "YOUNGER SET!"

SCIONS OF THE HOUSE OF BUCCLEUCH: Miss Anne and Miss Renara Hawkins, the children of Lieut.-Commander Alan Hawkins, D.S.C., R.N., and Lady Margaret Hawkins, eldest daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, enjoy the heat wave in the park

A TRIO OF ENERGY: Miss Audrey Combe and Master Peter Combe race through Hyde Park. They are the children of Lieut.-Colonel H. C. S. Combe, D.S.O., and Lady Moira Combe, daughter of the seventh Earl of Clonmell

A NOBLE QUARTETTE: The Hon. Luke White (left) and the Hon. Patricia White (third from left), the children of Lord and Lady Annaly, and Lady Honor Vaughan (second from left) and Lady Auriol Vaughan (right), the children of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne, link hands for a walk in the park

TWINS: Miss Barbara and Miss Elizabeth Hanbury-Williams, the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hanbury-Williams and grand-daughters of Major-General Sir John Hanbury-Williams, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps

ENJOYING A DOLL'S HOUSE: Two little girls regard with interest the doll's house on exhibition at the Windsor toy shop shown at the Guy's Hospital Garden Fête. The Queen inspected this fascinating model and bought a book of tickets. The doll's house, representing an old-fashioned cottage, was built by Mr. Fisher of Fifield and decorated in style moderne by Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Hurst

THRIFT FOR THE YOUNG: An automatic saving machine installed in the Pestalozzi School at Untertent Schenthal, near Halle—the most modern village-school in Germany. The machine is hung with legends in German and Roman type and script, stressing the virtues of thrift and economy. Children are required to read and act on the lessons given

FASHION FROM THE CITY OF FASHION: A trio of the mode from Longchamps where many of the smartest gowns were in black and white. The styles of half-a-century ago made a spectacular reappearance at the "French Ascot" — where ruching means more than racing and hats than horses

Women and Frocks in the FASHION

Yevonde

A POPULAR HOSTESS: Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, whose parties have the reputation of being phenomenally successful

A JUNE BRIDE

Miss Betty Sutor, daughter of Mrs. Sutor, pioneer of the Garden Club, whose wedding to Mr. J. C. Grant took place at Knightsbridge the other day, is seen on the right in her wedding dress. This creation was of fine white net, in layers, over a pale pink foundation, trimmed with pearl and diamanté embroidery. The roses were named after the bride by a famous Irish rose-grower. The honeymoon is being spent in Italy after which Mr. and Mrs. Grant will go out to the bridegroom's tea estate in Ceylon. The pearls were the gift of the bridegroom's grandmother

Lenare

A BRIDE OF JUNE: Mrs. J. C. Grant, who was, before her marriage, Miss Betty Sutor, seen in her wedding dress

CONCERNING BOOKS IN BOATS

And the delicate task of Summer Reading.

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

Books. There are twelve of them, with their gay jackets in competition with the cushions piled at one end of the punt. With his face shadowed by willow branches, Harold Nicholson stares at me, a pipe in his mouth. Half asleep, I find myself wondering whether this pipe-in-the-photograph fashion is not overdone. There is Mr. Baldwin, who took it as the hall-mark of his publicity. General Dawes is rarely seen without his corn cob. I remember how, one evening, in his long study at Evanston, he walked up and down puffing out great clouds of smoke while he talked. Mr. J. B. Priestley, too, is photographed with his good companion. I do not remember seeing any portrait of Barrie with a pipe in his mouth, yet he has always emphasized the connection between tobacco and the literary profession.

A rhythmic sound of oars draws near. A German crew visiting Henley goes by. Hefty fellows in one-piece suits. I wonder what comment Mr. Eric Gill would make upon their attire. His book, *Clothes*, jostles Nicholson's. The river grows quiet again, but not for long. Following the course of the river an aeroplane comes out of the distance and veers over Temple Island. I think of the book I have just finished and returned to the pile at the end of the punt, *Portrait of an Airman* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), by Philip Arnall. A war portrait, vivid, frank, with sex over emphasized. But being a novel of youth this may be necessary. The real business, the flying, is most vividly portrayed. The drone of the 'plane dies down. Quiet again in this backwater. No, I have made a mistake. The adenoidal gramophone, in a boat somewhere, implants the Alabama accent on the smooth Thames. The quest of silence is a desperate business to-day. One is attacked by land, air, and water. Well, I am a little guilty myself. I take the cover off my portable typewriter. A water-hen looks at me curiously, wondering whether I am a safe companion. A friend arriving in another punt, a welcome bearer of afternoon tea, tells me that my machine was audible half a mile away. "Like a Gatling gun," he growls. Discouraged, I stop. I never can work out of doors. I make a selection from the pile of books. "Why do you want to come out here to read?" he demands reprovingly. "I must get on with my work somewhere," I exclaim. "Work!—do you call that work?" he cries, bent over the Primus stove. I throw down the book. I decide that after tea I will go home and lock myself in a room. Unfortunately I am not one of those fellows who can read a book, carry on a conversation, and keep an ear open for the wireless. The very young are brought up with this ability, and the absence of noise is a disturbing factor.

So at midnight I return to Mr. Nicholson who has given us a collection called *People and Things* (Constable, 5s.) He tells us in the beginning that he has published this collection of extracts from his wireless talks for two considerations. The first is money, the second is letters from listeners. The period of these talks ranges from February 21, 1930, to April 14, 1931. Some of them are topical, nearly all of them are autobiographical. A Nicholson emerges from these sketches who at times is rather irritating. It is not Mr. Nicholson's fault. It would seem that from infancy he has walked on crimson carpets, cracked jokes with Cabinet Ministers, whispered in the ears of ambassadors, and played the midwife at the birth of great events—"I remember King Alfonso when he was very young. He is almost exactly my own age, and when I look back to 1905, when I first saw him, I see myself as his contemporary and it is this perhaps which makes me, at this moment, feel a little sad." It is right to be depressed when one's friends lose their thrones, and one has the impression that, these days, Mr. Nicholson must be continuously depressed. His visits to the palaces of Europe are being seriously curtailed. But nothing will really curtail Mr. Nicholson. He has the bright habit of finding delicious amusement in the small as well as the great events. Once you condone what might be termed the effortless superiority of the Balliol bad-manner, instances of which from time to time disfigure Mr. Nicholson's journalism, there is no more delightful cicerone than this intelligent observer of peoples and things. He is the master of the absurd idea and the whimsical sentence. It is remarkable that the printed word retains so much of the charm of the spoken, and there will be many who will give this book a permanent place upon their shelves. It is happily free from the vulgarity which has marked some of Mr. Nicholson's criticisms of his betters in the literary arena. At moments he writes exquisite passages, for one presumes these passages were written before they were spoken, and many a memorable turn of phrase, too swiftly gone in that interval before weather-news and jazz-band selections, is here preserved. Greece, the Military Tournament, A Toastmaster, the Port of London, all in turn attract Mr. Nicholson's lively and appropriate comment. Even in the garden he disports himself as confidently as in the Chancelleries of Europe.

I am told by those who have come to know a saxifrage really well that it is the gentlest and most insinuating of companions, and that it possesses what gardeners call a "beautiful habit." And I must say that the saxifrages at Vincent Square were gayest little things imaginable. There they were, stretching out their bath-flannel bodies, craning their little scraggy necks, and looking about them with the tiniest, pinkest, cleanest faces that I have ever seen upon anything so fresh and young and small.

Why did Mr. Nicholson stop this series? Did he feel that he could not keep it up? Was the censorship too trying, or the remuneration too slight, or the hour inconvenient? This lively little book reminds us what we have missed. Perhaps it is for none of these reasons that his voice is heard no more in the land. The blame may rest with that lady who wrote asking for a photograph, saying "I am sure that you have a fine soldierly figure, but my husband thinks that you are bald and fat." Adds Mr. Nicholson—"The broadcaster, if he continues long enough, gives an insincere representation of himself."

Mr. Eric Gill has written an amusing, contentious book in *Clothes* (Cape 10s. 6d.) I feel that the whole of his reasoning is quite perverse, but his mental agility atones for the poor logic. Briefly, his proposal is that the essential difference between man and other animals is not that he wears clothes and they do not; it is simply that man can take his clothes off and other animals cannot. At the close of his brilliantly illustrated thesis he pleads for a human race dressed in tunics, shorter or longer as dignity increases or decreases. In the years since the war mankind has shown increasing desire to dispense with its clothing. A race of flat-fronted, hipless young women who have taken to male attire enlivens, if it does not beautify, the landscape, and the present vogue of hiking exposes to the shocked eyes of Mrs. Grundy a multitude of shins. I am all in favour of these jolly tanned hoydens. It is a long necessary antidote to the three old evils of a girl's life—corsets, constipation, and Coty. I am afraid Mr. Gill is going to lose his world of romance. The things he finds picturesque are all going.

What a world of romance attaches to the word "underclothing" when it indicates that worn by women! And how completely devoid of anything but boredom when it means that worn by men. This is also a curious state of affairs. Drawers! chemise! even petticoat! and garters! These are almost magic words in the male ear. But pants! shirt! vest! not even the addition of a mark of exclamation can galvanize them into emotional life!

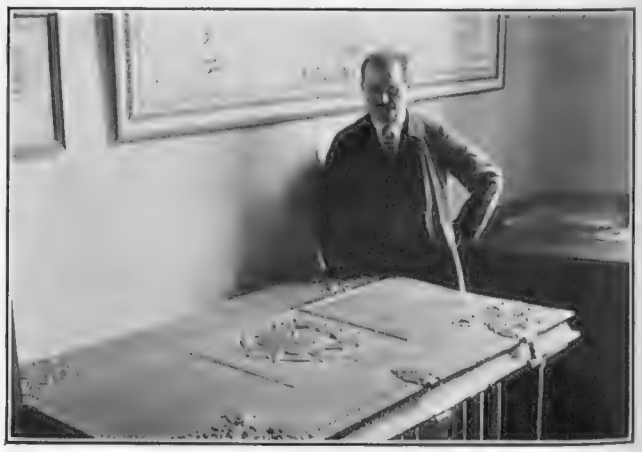
Well, I must disagree with regard to one word. I was once conducted across the campus of a University at Iowa. I paused in front of one building, with a Doric façade, over which ran the legend "Pantorium." What, I asked, can a pantorium be? Oh that, came the answer, is dedicated to pressing the students' pants. Mr. Gill brings forth a new and, to my mind, always overwhelming argument in favour of the kilt. "Let men take to the skirt rather than women to the coat and trousers," he adds at the end of his anatomical argument. But the kilt imposes, or should impose, restrictions on some. "I often wonder," observed a friend of mine, unkindly, at the Jamboree, "why men with bees' knees will become scoutmasters!" The fact is, and amid all the arguments so ingeniously produced by Mr. Gill in his most entertaining book he has neglected this, clothes have been chiefly designed to make us appear as we are not. For that reason men when they wish to look their best generally put more on, and women take most off. Mr. Gill rightly observes that a person "will think nothing wrong in a woman who goes nearly naked to the theatre—provided, of course, she sits in the stalls or boxes, and is protected by a barrier from the poor and needy."

There is much prejudice to be overcome before we can put on or take off our clothing with freedom. Mr. Gill asks why it is considered effeminate for a London gentleman to wear an embroidered waistcoat while a Chinese mandarin never draws such an accusation. The other evening at a dinner party an old gentleman tried to arouse my indignation against those terrible people who walk in Hyde Park on Sundays wearing felt hats. To him it was a great crime; to me, of a looser generation, glad to see my juniors with no hats at all, his indignation was absurd. But I should be aroused by a dinner guest who came in a dinner jacket and a white tie. And yet why? Men are indeed curious animals. The next generation may find our swimming suits a subject for hilarious mirth, as we find those of the past. Clothes, like houses, only become beautiful when they are at least 200 years old. Our grandmothers look ridiculous; our great-great-grandmothers lovely.

I have always been fascinated by any story of the Peninsular Wars. In *Major Grant* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.), Miss Carola Oman has written a most stirring and excellent story of the days when Wellington was checkmating Napoleon in the Spanish Peninsula. Her story, however, is not concerned with Wellington, but with one of his officers, Major Grant, who is captured by the French after Badajoz, and his adventures before he recovers his freedom. As becomes one bearing a name so distinguished among historians, Miss Oman makes no errors in the painting of her background, and the scene is given fidelity by the famous figures in history, Wellington, Castlereagh, etc., brought into this lively story. But it is as a swiftly moving adventure that the novel ranks high, with a bright dialogue and countless ingenious situations.

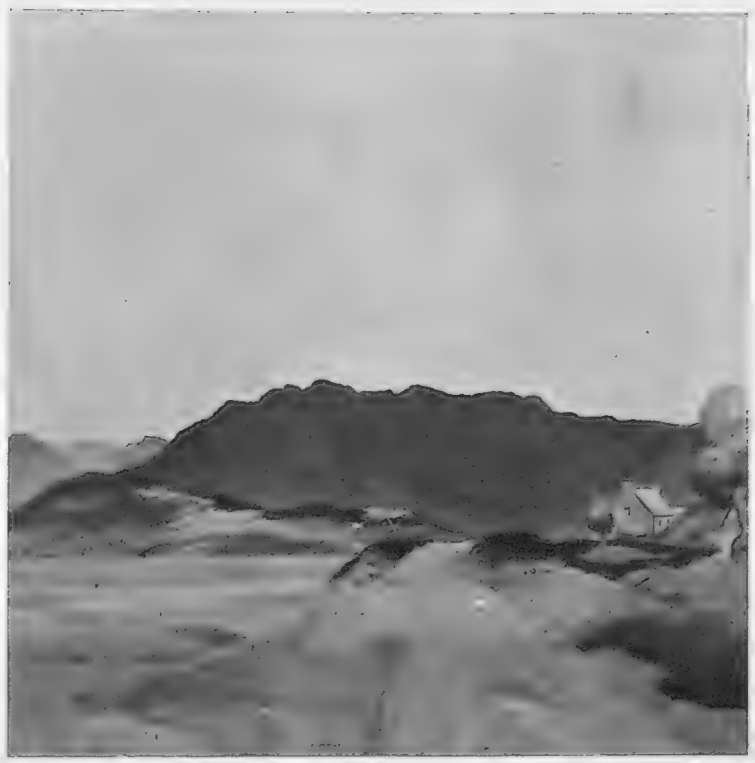
In the second volume of *The Anatomy of Bibliomania* (The Soncino Press, 28s.). Mr. Holbrook Jackson draws to a close his gigantic labour. It is difficult in so short a space to pay tribute to the immense scope of this formidable work. Its range, its scholarship, the ingenuity of the grouping have no parallel in any work. There cannot be a phase of bibliomania that has not been covered by this work, and it is in the obscure fields of investigation that the thoroughness of the book is best revealed. There is, for instance, an astonishing chapter on books bound in human skin. I was once shown in America a copy of Holbein's *Dance of Death* bound in the skin of a woman. I was rather doubtful at the time, hopefully doubtful. But Mr. Holbrook Jackson knows all about it, for here is its history. He mentions also that singular copy of Flammarion's *Ciel et Terre*, bound in the skin of a woman whose shoulders he had once praised. She left tanned (not in the Lido sense!) skin in memory of his admiration for its recent wearer.

BOOK DAY IN ITALY: The annual book fair was held this year in the ancient market of Traiano, Rome. It is a tradition that all books from leading houses should be sold at a low figure during the fair, and young Italian ladies do much of the selling



BOOK DAY IN BERLIN: One of the most stupendous volumes in the world—the huge Atlas in the Prussian State Library, Berlin

"CASTLE STUART, MORAYSHIRE": A canvas by Sir David Murray, R.A., shown in the Exhibition of the R.I., of which organization he is President



GLENCOE AS IT ONCE WAS: This picture, sold at Wills's Rooms recently, shows Glencoe at a point known as the "Study." It was painted by Alexander Nasmyth in 1797. The picture above is a landscape near Loch Morar, by J. C. S. Alexander from the R.I. Exhibition of this year

ART NEWS *of the* WEEK

The Charm of Scotland's Scenery: Pictures now Forever Lost

"GROTTO NEAR AMALFI," BY FRANZ CATEL: This fine example of the conventional but powerful work of Catel (1778–1856) was, unhappily, destroyed in the Glas-Palast fire at Munich recently, in which so many glorious pictures perished

"WE THREE," BY PHILIP OTTO RUNGE: This canvas, one of the finest specimens of German painting of the nineteenth century, perished in the Munich Glas-Palast fire. The famous art gallery was gutted, and not only the building, but 3,000 pictures were lost forever

THE DEATH OF LUCRÈCE: The finale of Le Viol de Lucrèce *presented by the Compagnie aes Quinze at the Arts Theatre Club, the Ambassadors, and at the New Theatre. Lucrèce (Mlle Marie-Hélène Dasté), having proclaimed her innocence to the citizens, stabs herself. Her servants and her maidens are overcome with sorrow, while Brutus (M. Michel Saint-Denis), her husband's friend, vows vengeance on Tarquin*

REALIZATION: Lucrèce (Mlle Marie-Hélène Dasté), awakes to realize that the visit of Tarquin was not a dream

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

"What Woman Wants."

Farce is as constant as the Northern Star—and usually just about as funny. It is the most conservative thing in the world. It is the crusted die-hard of theatreland. Alter its form in the slightest degree, and you are asking for trouble. A farce in the Pirandello manner (there have been some) is a lamentable thing.

There is not much of Pirandello and a great deal of convention in *What Woman Wants*, by Walter Ellis, at the Garrick. For that reason, it is, on the whole, funny rather than lamentable. Its defect is that occasionally it borders on comedy and has a serious and highly sentimental theme—a young woman deliberately trying to lose the man she adores. Their social positions are different (I have said that farce is pretty conservative and it can deal with things like that) and in order to secure His Happiness she goes through the play with an aching heart. Aching hearts are no good in farce. Mr. Leslie Henson wouldn't have one in the Strand at any price. Mr. Tom Walls and Mr. Ralph Lynn would quickly send one about its business if it ventured to appear at the Aldwych. I am impressed that Mr. Ellis, who knows a thing or two about farce-writing, since he wrote *A Little Bit of Fluff*, did not, when brightening up his *Hawleys of the High Street* (on which *What Woman Wants* is based), see that Miss Renée Kelly did not have to worry so much about the happiness of Mr. Lawrence Anderson, the young viscount who had rescued her from drowning, but worried more about her own. Miss Kelly, by the way, was very pretty and sincere, and was one of the few people in the piece who did not have to produce a caricature. For all that, she upset the balance. Not her fault.

The Hawleys are prosperous tradespeople. On the stage prosperous tradespeople are usually made preposterous as well. So we have them here as vulgarians with good hearts and an appalling set of friends. The friends come to dinner, the dinner-party being the *clou* of the piece, just as Mr. Anstey made it in *The Man from Blankley's*, which Mr. Ellis appears at any rate to have seen. We are shown the well-known types—the Jew, for instance, who loops and waggles his hands on a level with his shoulders. If Mr. Ellis had got as far away from reality as to introduce a real live unicorn or an Irishman in breeches with a clay pipe in his hat, brandishing a shillelagh and saying "Begorrah," I would not have been in the least surprised. He did, indeed, find a fat old lady who drank too much and ogled the handsome young butler, who was the viscount disguised. A thin, glum old lady is bashed over the head accidentally, which was not at all amusing, and the ripe, red-faced, elderly gentleman was portrayed by Mr. Major Jones, who contrived to be very amusing indeed. Many of the jokes are pre-war—by that I mean pre-Trojan war—but some are new. The night I saw it *What Woman Wants* was played rather too slowly. But it caused plenty of laughter, and by this time is probably causing plenty more.

"Sea Fever."

A play was produced recently at the little Windmill Theatre, and an uncommonly good play too, entitled *Inquest*. That, I feel, should be the heading to this illuminating paragraph. For ere these lines appear the New Theatre will have suffered a sea change and *Sea Fever* will have passed into the limbo of forgetfulness, except as regards those concerned with its presentation (since a run of five nights is sufficiently expensive to be remembered for quite a considerable time). It is only because *Sea Fever* was, in my opinion, a play not only, with all its faults, by no means devoid of intensive interest, but because it raises a debatable point that it is worth an inquest being held upon it. Also, the devotion of the New Theatre management to M. Marcel Pagnol after having burned their fingers rather badly over his *Topaze* is another factor. I like these symptoms of a settled policy even when the public obstinately refuses to settle down to it.

When a play that has been a notable success in Paris turns out to be a notable failure in London, it is the fashion to declare that, like *vin rosé*, French plays won't travel. This wipes out of consideration all the French plays which *have* travelled most profitably, and ignores the fact that in mid-Victorian times about 75 per cent. of plays seen in London had been adapted from Paris successes. In the case of *Sea Fever*, those who are in charge of the process were not amateurs, since Mr. John van Druten is one of the most successful of our younger playwrights, and Miss Auriol Lee has more than a bos'un's tot of both intelligence and experience. So no blame attaches in that quarter.

What the producers of Anglicized French plays appear to ignore is the important point that an interesting play in Paris is not interesting in London, however powerful, however original, and however well-constructed, if it concerns matters in which English audiences are *not* interested. Graft in municipal politics flourishes as vigorously here as it does on the other side of the Channel; but it bores us until it develops into a public scandal of the Poplar Guardians type and even then we soon forget about it and certainly do not wish to see it dramatized. Hence *Topaze* meant little or nothing to us.

Sea Fever concerns the life and loves of people who keep bars in Marseilles. We do not care very much about the life and loves even of people who keep bars in Southampton or Liverpool, and Marseilles to the English is simply a rather noisy and malodorous town through which one passes as quickly as possible on the way to or back from the East. A few more venturous English people may eat *bouillabaisse* at Basso's or poke about the squalid cafés and questionable cinemas to be found in the narrow streets round the Vieux Port. But to us the magic of the atmosphere of Marseilles, which appears to thrill a Frenchman to the marrow, is a thing unknown and unfathomable.

Unfortunately, too, *Sea Fever* took a terribly long time to get going, and nothing very much happened until the last act except the dinning in of that very "atmosphere" which is so unimportant. I rarely remember seeing so boring a first act. Mr. Norman McKinnel made Act III compelling through one of the finest pieces of acting this year has given us. Willingly would I have seen *Sea Fever* on each of its five nights for the subtlety and the power of that last act alone, coupled with Mr. MacKinnel's superb performance.

But I could not worry much about whether the young barman stopped with the girl he loved or answered the call of the sea—and that is really all the play was about. Besides, Miss Peggy Ashcroft, appealing, beautiful and promising little actress though she is, was more suggestive of a nice English garden with roses in it and the vicar coming to tea than of the daughter of a Marseilles fish-wife. The scent of the new mown hay is one thing. The scent of those squalid alleys, with decayed cuttle-fish in the gutters and a large illuminated *numéro* on every other house, is quite another. Fanny, played by Miss Ashcroft, obviously had little acquaintance with fish beyond eating it, duly chaperoned, in the most respectable restaurant in England.

Opera—a Retrospect.

Both opera seasons, Covent Garden and the Lyceum, ended up in a blaze of glory, Italian and Russian glory. On some nights during both seasons the glory has been a little dimmed. *Rousalka* and *The Tsar's Bride* were novelties in the sense that they had never before been heard in this country; but I found them remarkable only for being dull. *Fedra*, a real novelty, may or may not have set the Tiber on fire—it won the Prix de Rome—but it had little or no effect on the Thames, though it contains some agreeably luscious music. The Lyceum had Chaliapine—in wonderful form, despite his years—as its main asset, not forgetting, of course, the conducting of Sir Thomas Beecham. The ballet was hardly of outstanding excellence. An interesting little season none the less.

Covent Garden has had the usual volley of criticism hurled at it from certain quarters, mainly, I believe, because it *is* Covent Garden and has a semi-official tinge. "Agin' the Government, whatever it does" is a motto that prevails in musical as well as in political circles—not that Covent Garden essays to govern anybody except those whom it employs. However, the blame has been somewhat smaller this year, and the praise has far outweighed it. I do not see how anyone with any sort of operatic knowledge or experience could carp at the performances early in the season of *The Ring* and *Rosenkavalier*. Where in the world are better singers of German opera than Schorr, Leider, Lehmann, Schumann, Melchior, Olcewska, Habich, and at least half a dozen more? The new Brunnhilde, Juliette Lippe, suffered by comparison with Frida Leider. But that is all.

The principal tenor of the Italian portion of the season, Gigli, was not in good form the first night he sang, but later acquitted himself magnificently, and the subsequent performances of *La Bohème* were a great treat, with Eide Norena a first-rate Mimi and Odette de Foras equally good as Musetta. *Turandot* does not wear well, but it gave the new Spanish tenor, Cortis, a chance. He is a valuable recruit. Dino Borgioli is another good tenor. Pertice was inclined to shout, though it is difficult to avoid this in *La Tosca*. For the performances of *Falstaff*, with Stabile in the title-rôle, all music-lovers must be profoundly thankful. But the Syndicate must have found them costly, for the audiences were but small. Early Verdi was given its interest mainly by the successful efforts of the exotic Rosa Ponselle.

Any operatic syndicate which does not produce a bundle of brand-new works is labelled as timid and unimaginative. But, in the first place, I do not believe in these new and unknown masterpieces which are supposed to be only waiting the opportunity to draw all London. Where are they? What are their names? New operas are certainly performed in Germany. But after a short time they are usually dropped.

Which brings me to my second point—an economic one. No syndicate without untold wealth behind it can afford not to rely on the familiar works which are certain to draw large houses. Only very very rarely is a new opera produced which interests anyone but the non-paying intelligentsia. Is it not better, therefore, to concentrate for the most part on giving established masterpieces, with the best singers money can buy?

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

THE ART OF AN ENGLISHMAN: One of the designs for the scenes in The Good Companions *executed by Mr. Lawrence Irving, a grandson of Sir Henry Irving, and the son of H. B. Irving*

A SKETCH FOR THE GOOD COMPANIONS: *One of the brilliant efforts of Mr. Laurence Irving.* On left — *NEGROID COMMENT ON A NEW YORK SCANDAL: Mr. William Taylor (Harold) and Miss Dorothy St. Elmo (Minerva) in* Late Night Final *at the Phœnix*

LATE NIGHT FINAL: *Two scenes in action simultaneously — an effect in this play of Yellow American Journalism at the Phœnix produced by a revolving stage*

THE RETURN OF HERR TAUBER: The distinguished German tenor who has returned to The Land of Smiles *at Drury Lane for an extended period*

FIVE STAGES IN USE AT ONCE: Top left, *Miss Molly Johnson as the exchange operator;* bottom left, *Miss Fameta Henry May as Miss Edwards and Mr. Charles Mortimer as Hinchecliffe;* centre, *Miss Louise Hampton as Mrs. Townsend;* top right, *Mr. Percy Parsons as Brannegan; and* bottom right, *Mr. Raymond Massey as Randall with Miss Carol Goodner as Miss Taylor. Miss Hampton is endeavouring to suppress publication of an ancient scandal revived to make a journalistic holiday*

THE CORONER IN "INQUEST": Mr. Herbert Lomas, who gives a brilliant study of a self-satisfied and conceited coroner, with the ever-competent Miss Hilda Trevelyan in the novel play at the new Windmill Theatre

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR IN "INQUEST": A brilliant character study by Mr. Alec G. Hunter in the entertaining thriller at the Windmill Theatre, which has in it not only drama, but satire and many veracious psychological touches

PLAYS TO SEE

CLASS	TITLE	THEATRE
Domestic Drama	The Barretts of Wimpole Street	Queen's
Tragedy	Late Night Final	Phœnix
Thriller	Inquest	Windmill
Musical	White Horse Inn	Coliseum
Farce	Turkey Time	Aldwych
Genre	The Good Companions	His Majesty's
Comedy	Autumn Crocus	Lyric
Fantasy	Death Takes a Holiday	Savoy
Foreign	Noe	New

THE WORLD'S GREATEST AIR-LINER : *Hannibal*, the great Imperial Airways 'plane to be used on the Eastern Desert Travel route

AIR NEWS

The great air-liner *Hannibal* is the first of a fleet of eight under construction for Imperial Airways. She is built for operations on the Trans-Desert section of the Air Mail service to India and is specially fitted for this purpose. Although the type normally provides seats for thirty-eight passengers, in *Hannibal* and three sister ships, eighteen passengers only will be carried, firstly to allow more space per passenger in the torrid atmosphere, and secondly to allow more room for the heavy India letter and parcel post. The other four aircraft of this class are intended for use on European routes and will carry their full complement of passengers thirty-eight—and also have a capacity for a ton of mail and freight. The specifications of the machine are staggering :—Wing span, 130 ft. ; overall length, 86 ft. 6 ins. ; height, 26 ft. ; laden weight (approximately), 13 tons. The power units are four Bristol "Jupiter" geared air-cooled radial engines fitted with super-chargers developing 2,200 h.p. The cruising speed is 105 m.p.h. ; the maximum (approximately) 120 m.p.h.

THE WINNING GLIDER : Herr Kronfeld's engineless 'plane, named *Austria* after his native land, with which he won the prize, given by a great British daily paper, for being the first completing a round trip over the English Channel on a glider

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh (whose New York welcome has been paralleled by that accorded to the Round the World in nine days flyers) is seen on this page testing his 'plane, which has just been re-conditioned, at the Glen Curtis Airport, North Beach, Long Island. The machine has been fitted with pontoons preparatory to his flight to China and Japan—a flight on which he is to be accompanied by Mrs. Lindbergh. The aerial couple are seen in the Lockhead Sirius 'plane.

Miss Ruth Nichols, the famous New York society aviatrix, who hopes to fly solo from New York to Paris, came to grief on the first leg of her flight at St. John's, New Brunswick. The accident proved more serious to her machine than to herself, for the former was badly crippled while Miss Nichols escaped with a wrenched back and a cut knee. Overshooting the runway and crashing into hillocks and brush when landing, caused the accident. The intrepid aviatrix regards this as a mere delay and hopes to complete her flight in a few weeks' time. The crash is seen in the small inset picture.

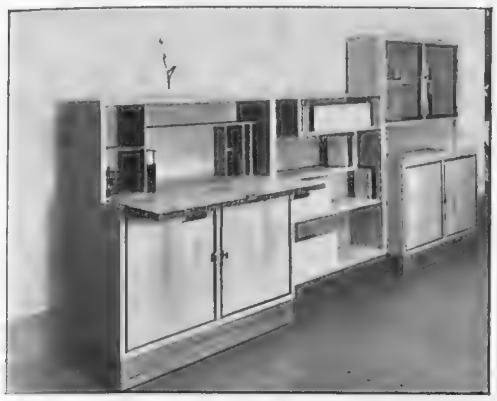
Gliding has become exceedingly popular of late, and the fillip given to this newest development of aviation (the glider has been called the poor man's aeroplane, and has been defined as motor-car, motor-cycle, aeroplane, glider !) by the cross-channel flights of Mr. Beardmore and Herr Kronfeld has intensified British enthusiasm. The world records of gliding are astonishing. The duration record is 14 hrs. 7 mins. ; the distance records *(a)* in a straight line, 94 miles, *(b)* in a closed circuit, 285 miles. The first and third were made by Herr Schultz, the second by Herr Kronfeld.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

FURNITURE *in the* WHITE

Furniture is made to-day with so many artificial finishes—from fuming with ammonia and French polishing to spraying with cellulose—that it is refreshing to find a new tendency for well-made pieces in modern style to be left with the timber in its natural state, or, as it is technically called, "in the white." After all, there is no other method that so well displays the grain and beauty of the wood.

But as timber without any form of protection—neither stain nor polish—is liable to deteriorate and might even be liable to split and crack, it is customary to treat this natural-finish furniture with beeswax or linseed oil. Beeswax fills up the grain and helps to form a hard surface, but waxing alone will not have an appreciable effect in darkening the tone.



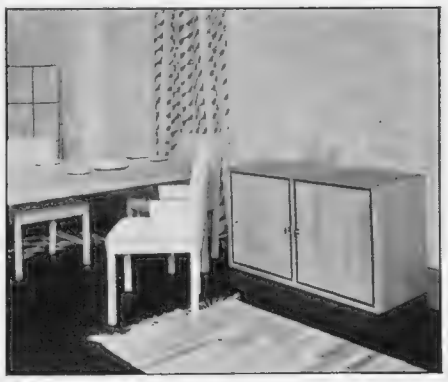
TRIO BY GORDON RUSSELL: Desk, bookcase, and cabinet in walnut and cherry

To enrich and improve the colour it is necessary to use linseed oil. But the oil should be applied very sparingly, and should be well rubbed in, for if used too lavishly the surface of the wood will collect dust.

A good mixture to use is equal parts of beeswax, turpentine, and linseed oil, melted and applied when cool.

People who love their furniture well enough to care for its condition should apply polish at regular intervals, so that the quality of the furniture will be gradually improved.

It is interesting to reflect that these methods of treatment with beeswax or linseed oil are very old and were used on much of the most precious antique furniture now in our museums. It is this that has given to good antique furniture its richness and *patina*. *Patina* is a result of generations of careful polishing, and its existence makes an antique much more valuable even than good or rare design.



CHERRY AND WALNUT: The light wood is cherry, the darker walnut

B. B.

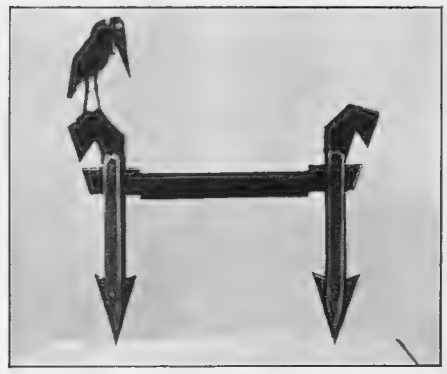
DECORATIVE *Door* SCRAPERS

For only too long the doorscraper has been regarded merely as a tiresome necessity, its presence on the threshold endured rather than enjoyed, its usefulness stressed by a complete lack of ornament. Which is really a retrogression brought about by mass production, for, a century and more ago, our village blacksmiths were turning out scrapers of character and beauty as a matter of course. And to show the sort of men they were, it should be remembered that in the majority of cases the designs they executed were designs of their own imagining.

Country Crafts

THE GARDENER: A modern decorative scraper executed in wrought iron

Those old craftsmen *knew* their material; they studied the peculiarities of their iron as they would have studied those of a person; they came to know exactly what it was capable of expressing and performing. Many people will doubtless be surprised to learn that these blacksmiths in the eighteenth century were turning out animal scrapers exactly like those which are regarded as the very latest word in amusing modern ideas. They made scrapers with heraldic lions ramping on either side; they made them with little, but incredibly fierce-looking, watch-dogs on guard over them; with ravens perching and robins hopping; and in an old book (dated 1810) there is a picture of a walking cat, tail curved upwards like a scroll, its back forming the scraper.



THE STORK SCRAPER: The pointed ends will set into gravel

An idea which is finding favour with many people is that of having their particular cat, dog, or bird done in wrought iron for a scraper. It is possible to get the most intriguing silhouettes, amazingly lifelike too, simply by sending a photograph of Fido or Tabby or Polly, as the case may be, for the maker's guidance. And, an important point, the cost of these delightful hand-wrought things is absurdly small.

M. S. M.

A *Dolly's* HOUSE

Paris is a city of marvels, as everybody knows, even when they have never been there—more remarkably still, even when they have! She produces wonders in a way that recalls gossips, as they were once defined by a elderly English gentleman in a kind of mild and gloomy frenzy: "If they're not saying one thing, you can rely on it they're saying another!"

Only in this case the things are so much more palatable! One of the latest is Jenny Dolly's last word in frivolity-shops. The best recipe for making its acquaintance is to take one of those days when it is both chilly and rainy (never mind the meteorologists nor even the Paris-propagandists; we all know those days with mud under foot and an icy drizzle, and they happen even in Paris), and in late afternoon arrive at the perfectly ordinary door of a first-floor flat in the Champs Elysées. Be in a bad temper. Either wear your best hat and suspect the weather has ruined it, or wear your oldest and feel that your face ought to race Ophelia into a nunnery. Ring the bell. Enter scowling.

EVEN DOLLIES MUST EAT, and this is the room in which one of them does it!

Well, it's good. It's very good. In fact it's Arabian Nights good. It is a rose-coloured place, not so much just pink as melted ruby whipped with cream and veined with gold. The carpets are darker than the walls, so that the eye goes up lightly to the concave ceilings. All the doors have rounded tops. Everything possible is of glass. All the lighting is either concealed or comes from chandeliers like fountains. Everything soars, in fact.

This effect has not been achieved without immense trouble. The ruby-cream-gold is painted on specially prepared wooded surfaces, and continues all over the ceilings. The doors have been made into archways, in the face of the French love of rectangles. The carpet was specially dyed, in tones of tannish rose and roseish brown, to be the right comrade of the rest (like the practical little pea-hen and her wondrous mate). It is the work of Jean-Gabriel Domergue, whose romantic pictures of eighteenth-century Venice can for the moment be seen on the walls (everything in the public rooms is for sale, so one cannot count on seeing any one object for long). It has been done in a masterly fashion, and it has been done with enthusiasm. When I first rang at that door it was in the journalist's familiar "one-more-job-to-be-done" mood; but not even the crowd and fever of a Parisian opening could hide the quality and charm of the place.

SOLID GLASS TUBES used with skill for bed and bureau

ARCHED RECESSES are a feature of Jenny Dolly's-house

The colour and the warmth are alike gentle but gay, and there is even an effect of quiet which is almost miraculous behind windows which give on the hooting, moving carpet of the Champs Élysées.

The camera, though it lives by light, is very earthbound. It gives no adequate idea of the glass bedroom which is the heart of this practical, enchanted palace of to-day. All the lines are too hard and the colouring of the whole thing, dark and light alike, is one rose-gold rising glow. The ceiling is of pleated pale rose silk, the walls of darker velvet; the bed-hangings are of the velvet lined with paler satin. The gleam of plain glass is made laughing by the sparkle of cut crystal. Even the bed is of glass, great solid slabs of it, that look as delicate as water. There are curved chairs (comfortable, too!) of glass upholstered in rose satin; the glass drawers of the glass dressing-table are lined with the same satin. The feather-lights are placed on plain glass pedestals. The table, when uncovered, is a collection of planes of thick, clear glass (odd, isn't it, that what would sound so contradictory in soup is quite comprehensible about glass). However, if it has the star part, it is certainly far from being the play. One can buy everything here, from a frock for a baby (probably designed by Jennie Dolly herself) to a tall cabinet of crushed turquoise—*and* at reasonable prices.

In Fairyland: Post-mark Paris

By H. PEARL ADAM

The WORLD of WOMEN

NORTHWARD BOUND

Clothes for the Scottish Season

An attractive waterproof is carried out in rubberized silk in contrasting colours. Lightness of weight is an important feature of this chic model. From the Milwata Weatherproof Co.

A weatherproof in rubberized tweed looks smart for wet days. This model, built by the well-known weatherproof specialists, "Milwata," is obtainable from all leading stores

Here is a smart Cumberland tweed coat that is so good for travelling, since it is both light and warm. This model was designed by Studd and Millington, Ltd. of Conduit Street

These travelling cases from Austin Reed are designed to provide the maximum accommodation in the minimum space. The corners of the suit-case are specially protected against wear and tear by strong leather

This loose-fitting and comfortable travelling coat, together with check cap, comes from Austin Reed. The capacious pockets are practical features which appeal to the "mere male"

Although the season is still in full swing, we must not forget that August will soon be upon us, when the more fortunate will be northward bound.

Already the shops are beginning to display intriguing "tweedy" suits and coats, and the "chicest" of chic felt hats.

At Studd and Millington's, I saw a particularly comfortable coat of Cumberland tweed which is indispensable for travelling. It is illustrated on this page and is made in a wide variety of tweed designs. Hats and bags to match can be made to order.

For wet days, and no Scottish holiday is really complete without its full quota of rain and mists, a reliable weatherproof is a useful acquisition to the wardrobe. The two shown on this page are the well-known "Milwata" manufacture, and are now obtainable from all the leading stores at extremely reasonable prices. One example is carried out in rubberised tweed and finished with real leather buttons and flap-pockets. For the other crêpe-de-chine is used, and buttons, collar and cuffs provide striking colour notes.

For his outfit, the "mere male" has but to walk into the big Austin Reed shop in Regent Street, and all his wardrobe worries disappear immediately. At this store I was shown a helpful booklet which gives a complete list of the clothes and accessories which are required for every possible occasion. The book is called "Packing Predicaments," and costs 1s.

M. D.

Reflecting Age and Quality . . .

THIS is an untouched photograph of glasses containing a little 'Cordon Bleu' Brandy.

See how they reflect the shadow of the casks in which it lay, recalling, as you will when you taste it, the fact that it matured in them for thirty-five years.

Life in cask makes the perfect Brandy; the bottle is but a handy means of transferring it to your liqueur glass.

Martell's
Cordon Bleu

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH SEAT: A view of Holyrood Palace, with Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags in the background. The King and Queen took up their residence here for ten days last week-end

SCOTLAND: The Land of Romance,

Where the Past and the Present Live Hand in Hand

I wonder if there is any country in the world which has inspired quite so much wild and undying patriotism as Scotland. Has anyone ever met a Scotsman who denied his country and wanted to be taken for an Englishman or a cosmopolitan? There are plenty of Englishmen who claim to be Scotch because they have a drop of Scottish blood in their veins. But no Scotsman in a similar position ever claims to be English. Scotland is beloved by all her children and by many who have no blood connection with her.

And when you have seen something of Scotland you will understand why. The scenery is in most parts grand and romantic. The whole country is full of history and legend. There is scarcely a village, a hill, a loch, or a burn which has not been made immortal by Prince Charlie, Douglas, Burns, Walter Scott, Robert Louis Stevenson, or some other famous person.

Plenty of good trains will take you to the Borders either by the East or West routes. Across the Border there is Gretna Green, that romantic village to which post-chaises used to gallop. A little way north is Ecclefechan, where Carlyle was born. Scotland never forgets her famous men. You cannot be in Ecclefechan for five minutes without discovering that it is the birthplace of Carlyle. England has not the same sense of history and pride in her sons. One can visit many English villages which have great historical interest, but the facts usually remain in obscurity. This is one reason why Scotland is such a fascinating country, for the past lives hand in hand with the present.

From Ecclefechan on to Dumfries, where there is one of the oldest bridges in Scotland, built by Queen Devorguilla in the thirteenth century. Dumfries is in the heart of the Burns country. It is said that after a carousal at the Globe Inn in this town Burns collapsed on a step in the snow and caught a chill which hastened his end. This inn is in many ways a perfect monument to Burns. So great is the reverence felt for him that nothing has been altered. His chair is kept and shown to visitors, but no one is allowed to sit in it. There are his punch bowl and his writing on the window-pane in praise of women. If Burns came back he would find it all exactly as he left it in 1796. There is far more of the spirit of Burns here than at his birthplace, a humble cottage at Alloway which has been turned into a museum. This cottage has a self-conscious appearance as if it did not enjoy being a museum and this enforced notoriety. But to the Burns lover there are many things of interest to be seen there—part of the original manuscript of Tam o' Shanter, the family Bible, and many other relics.

All Dumfriesshire and Ayrshire are Burns country. In Ayrshire he was born, in Dumfriesshire he died, and to visit all the places connected with him would be a lengthy pilgrimage indeed.

In the south-west corner of Scotland there is some very beautiful scenery, the Southern Highlands. These counties of Kirkcudbright, Galloway, and Wigtownshire are often completely neglected by travellers. Those who go in search of the hills and the sea go farther north to the Western Highlands. But this south-western corner has much the same scenery on a smaller scale.

In the Firth of Clyde, west of Ayr, is the island of Arran. Here it was that Bruce hid in the King's Caves and from here he sailed to Carrick when he received the signal that it was time for his troops to attack. There are the ruins of a fine old castle on Arran known as Bruce's Castle. The principal village is Brodick, where MacBrayne's steamers call. This island makes a charming place for a holiday, for it has a golf course, the views are lovely, and the boats coming and going on the Clyde bring plenty of variety to the scene.

If Ayr and Dumfriesshire belong to Burns, so all the Western Highlands belong to Prince Charlie. His may have been a mad cause, but if you climb the hills and loiter by the lochs the spirit of romance will get into you, and you will understand why these Highlanders fought and died and starved themselves so as to raise money for the Stuart cause. My first visit to the west coast was a rather hurried motor tour and I was slightly disappointed. Motors are excellent things for getting from place to place, but unless you stop for a few days here and there you will only get a jumbled impression of hills and the sea, and no very clear pictures will remain in your mind.

IN THE SCOTT COUNTRY: A scene in the cloisters of Dryburgh Abbey, where the Wizard of the North himself lies buried

Certain parts of the Highlands are best explored on foot. A walking tour in the Highlands is one of the best holidays the world can provide. There are miles and miles of country where there are no roads at all, and consequently no motorists. And here you can find the "Peace of God which passeth all understanding." Time and worldly troubles are of no account. You are simply alone with the hills and the lochs, the birds and the flowers. The distances between the hamlets are not too great for a good walker to cover in a day, and in these scattered hamlets there is always a keeper or a shepherd or somebody who will give you a bed. And staying in a Highland cottage miles from anywhere is a delight. The Highlander, although he may be accused of being lazy, is a charming friendly person, with the true dignity and good manners of the country unspoilt by contact with the big commercial towns. The cottages are as clean as you could wish, and the scones, fresh bacon, eggs, fish, and butter which they live on are a dream of excellence which would satisfy any epicure.

And if in the Highlands you understand why they fought for Prince Charlie, so also you will understand how it was that Mary Rose was stolen away by the fairies. In that land of misty hills, and silent lochs with the wild cries of sea birds breaking the stillness, fairies just do and must exist. There is a mystery and a grandeur about the scenery which makes fairies and bogles real things. I defy anyone to walk alone day after day in the stillness of the hills without getting queer eerie feelings now and again.

There are plenty of good hotels on the west coast, but if the reader intends going there during the months of August and September it is advisable to book rooms in advance. It is often twenty miles or more to the next hotel.

The Western Highlands begin just north of Glasgow with Loch Lomond, the beauty of which has been made famous in many a ballad and novel. The West Highland railway which serves this district is one of the most beautiful in the world. Loch Linnhe, the biggest of the west coast lochs, is superbly beautiful, and there are several places along its shores which are admirable centres for a holiday. Fort William at its head and at the foot of Ben Nevis, not in itself a very beautiful town, is a good centre for expeditions up the Caledonian Canal, Glen Garry the land of the MacDonells, Glen Nevis, or down the Loch to Glencoe. MacBrayne's steamers call regularly and will take you to Oban and Mull and many other places. Farther down Loch Linnhe at the foot of Glencoe is Ballachulish, where there is a ferry over Loch Leven which here joins Loch Linnhe. There are two comfortable hotels here and many expeditions to be made.

North of Loch Linnhe are Loch Torridon, Gairloch, and Loch Maree, all well worth visiting and with good hotels. Farther north still, Loch Broom, where Ullapool, a charming little old fishing town, has two or three very comfortable hotels.

Although the Western Highlands can claim Ben Nevis, after that giant the laurels for height go to the Perthshire Highlands, where the Cairngorm group have several peaks of over 4,000 feet. The country here is of a very different type from the West Coast Highlands. The Cairngorms themselves are grassy as the west coast hills are, but the rest of Deeside is heathery and more gentle. There is less wild mystery about it, but the heather gives more vivid colouring. The Dee is a beautiful river from its source in the Cairngorms down to Aboyne, and it has many fine deep pools, lovely for salmon and alluring to bathe in.

Braemar, Balmoral, Ballater of course recall the shade of an imperious old lady, dressed in black, sitting in a pony trap. So Scotch did our Queen become that she invented the Balmoral tartan, and this tartan atmosphere still lingers round this district. But it was a beautiful part of Scotland that she chose, and Braemar is a very good spot for a holiday. Nearby are the "steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar," Loch Muick and the Cairnwell Pass.

Many visitors to Scotland get no farther than the Trossachs, for they are like a traveller's sample of Scotland. Their beauty has been made famous by Scott, and it was here that Rob Roy lived. Rob Roy was the Scotch equivalent of Robin Hood; he stole from the rich and gave to the poor, but it is amazing to think that he lived as recently as the eighteenth century. The Trossachs are in a triangle between Callander, Stirling and Edinburgh, and there all kinds of Scottish scenery are to be found.

From Edinburgh to the Borders, by the East Coast route, stretch miles and miles of rolling moors—the Lowlands—in some people's estimation far more beautiful than the Highlands. The Pentlands, the Moorfoots, the Lammermuirs, the Eildon Hills. It is a land of Scottish and English battles, full of stories of cattle raids and reprisals. Here, too, are Scott and Stevenson, for although they both wrote about the Highlands as well as the Lowlands, it was in the Lowlands that they lived. Although not rugged as the Highlands are, the Lowland hills are still wild and have a charm of their own.

M. I. BATTEN

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

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THE SWISS NATIONAL PAGEANT AT GENEVA: MM. Henri and Arnold an der Halden, the only direct living descendants of the family of Anderhalden of Melchthal, Obwald, members of which were among the three parties that started the Swiss Confederation

PAGEANT AT GENEVA

On June 27 and 28 a great pageant was held at Geneva, to which nearly 4,000 people came from the twenty-two cantons of Switzerland. The purpose of the pageant was to show the picturesque historical and traditional costumes worn in varying parts of the country, from the round hats worn on the back of the head by the Simmenthal women from Zweisimmen, to the elaborate aprons and head-dresses like two fans set to form a mitre worn sideways, of the Appenzelloises.

AN U.S. GESTURE

A gift of $55,000 (about £11,000) from Boston, Massachusetts, to Boston, Lincolnshire, was brought to England by Mr. Walter R. Whiting who arrived in Liverpool in the White Star liner *Baltic* a few days ago. The money has been raised by descendants of some of the Puritan Fathers who hailed from Boston, Lincolnshire, to re-condition the tower of St. Botolph's, Boston, England (popularly known as "Boston Stump"). Mr. Whiting is representing a committee from the American Boston which includes the Governor of Massachusetts, and the Mayor and three former Mayors of Boston.

BOSTON STUMP: The great Fenland church which derives its name from its spirelessness. The name Boston derives from Botolph's Town

Saturday to Wednesday for ONE POUND

Life in the Austrian Tyrol is Cheap—but Nice

We had to travel to the Austrian Tyrol to get such a cheap week-end. We had a few days to spare after a month's holiday, and having wandered along the old Roman Road from Igls to Matrei, we decided to go on to Steinach by train, the road being very dusty and full of motors, and to take a little omnibus marked "Gschnitz" which we had spied on a previous occasion, not knowing to what haven of rest and plenty we were going.

After an uphill drive through a lovely valley, we stopped outside a very simple-looking inn, this was evidently Gschnitz. There was a church, the inn, a mountain torrent, a wonderful view of the Austrian Alps, and a few peasants' homesteads. We were shown into a room devoid of unnecessary furniture, having two beds, a strip of carpet, two chairs, a chest, and enamel toilet ware, all spotlessly clean, and the view from our window of the everlasting snows was worth more than the 1s. 6d. asked for accommodation.

We had only just settled down to enjoy the view, lying in deck chairs in the sun, when a storm began to brew up in the mountains, sweeping down the valley at a terrific speed—thunder, lightning, and rain, made one incessant roar. This was our opportunity, for in the small best parlour we sat with folk stranded by the storm, and one of the number sat down at the piano and we heard community singing from musical throats. Chance music followed folk songs, tales, laughter and dancing finished our evening.

The life of the party was the parish priest, a little weather-beaten man, who saved souls on Sunday, and is father to the whole valley, the best Alpine climber in the district, and "mine host" in the inn. It seemed incongruous to us that in the poor parishes of the Tyrol the Roman Catholic priests are put into the village inn, and makes what he can out of it whilst tending to his flock in spiritual matters. "Herr Pfarrer's" bright eyes saw everything, he ruled his staff with a firm hand, and he attended to the wants of his guests with a cheerful and kindly spirit.

A HALT ON THE WAY: A tiny mountain settlement with a good hotel and a wonderful view

When we awoke the next morning freshly fallen snow made the valley very beautiful but rather cold even in July. Our long week-end was filled with much walking, good plain food, and comradeship of the road. Anyone who has shouldered a knapsack will know the meaning of that word comradeship! We climbed to several heights with people we had never seen before, and the evenings were spent in a burst of song and goodfellowship.

The peasants joined in our musical evenings, and one old man who had never heard the piano played was fetched from his cottage to hear and see this marvel. He stood transfixed as the boy's fingers flew over the notes, shaking his old head and mumbling, "I don't understand it, no I *don't* understand it." The Tyrolean peasants may not have pianos in their homes, but they have music in their souls, and we were as transfixed as the old man when we first heard their singing.

We summoned "Marie" and paid our bill—just £1. And so back to Innsbruck and England.

E. M. Hancock

THE CHURCH IN THE MOUNTAINS: St. Magdalena, Gschnitzal, hard by Gschnitz, the exquisite and inexpensive Tyrolean hotel

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A very fine Figure of Pan by Andrea Riccio (1470-1532), height 16½ ins.

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One of a Pair of early XVIIIth Century Urns.

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JULY 22nd. BOOKS.

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JULY 20th (at 2 p.m.).—Important BOOKS, MANUSCRIPTS and ILLUMINATIONS, the property of the RT. HON. LORD HASTINGS. *Illustrated Catalogues (9 plates), 4/-*

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Painting by Philip Connard, R.A., "The Supper Party after the Ball."

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ft. in.	ft. in.	Reduced from £ s. d.	to £ s. d.
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9 0×	9 0 ...	14 2 0	8 15 6
10 6×	9 0 ...	16 9 0	10 5 0
12 0×	9 0 ...	18 16 0	11 14 0
12 0×	10 6 ...	21 19 6	13 13 0

ft. in.	ft. in.	Reduced from £ s. d.	to £ s. d.
13 6×	9 0 ...	21 3 6	13 2 6
13 6×	10 6 ...	24 13 6	15 6 3
13 6×	12 0 ...	28 4 0	17 11 0
15 0×	12 0 ...	31 6 6	19 10 0

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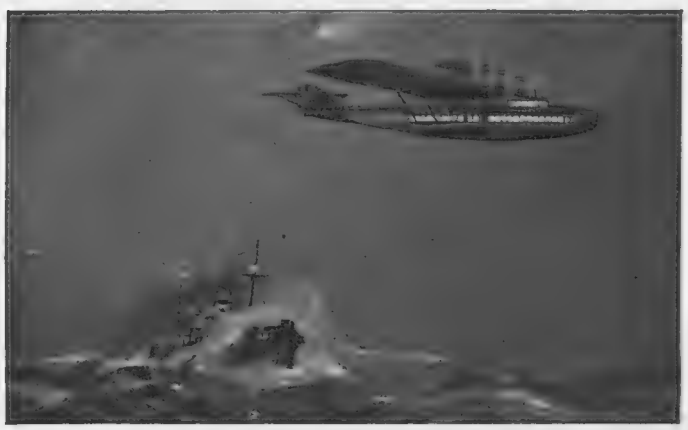

The "Bolivar," type for all time (thanks to Rudyard Kipling) of the ocean tramp, still battles with the heavy seas, but it is overhead that her weary men now see—or very soon will see—the mocking lights of the well-found liner pass them by.

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

FRANK H. MASON, R.I.,

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There are two editions as follows:—
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MISS JOAN BUCKMASTER in the character of Gainsborough's Mrs. Siddons in R. E. Abbot's play presented at Hereford

A CORRECTION

In a recent issue of THE SPHERE, the accompanying picture appeared with the statement that the subject of it, Miss Joan Buckmaster (who is seen in character as Gainsborough's Mrs. Siddons) was the daughter of Lady Pearson (Miss Gladys Cooper). This information, which was received by THE SPHERE, is, we are informed by Miss Buckmaster, totally inaccurate, for she is no relation whatever to Lady Pearson. THE SPHERE presents its apologies both to Miss Buckmaster and to Lady Pearson for its inadvertent error.

IN AID OF VETS

A cocktail party was held a few nights ago at the house of Major Jack Harrison in Grosvenor Square, when some details were given of the Eclipse Ball to be held on July 17 at the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, in aid of the Royal Veterinary College. Sir Merrik Burrell told the guests some of the difficulties of the Royal Veterinary College, which is a national disgrace owing to lack of funds and public support. It was announced that the Countess of Rosebery, wife of the senior steward of the Jockey Club, who was present at the party, would act as hostess on the night of the ball. A feature of the evening's entertainment will be the re-running of the Derby in the same way as races are held on board boat. For this "Derby" leading trainers will act as bookmakers, and among the judges will be Mr. J. A. Dewar, the owner of Cameronian, which won the race this year. Lord Lonsdale will act as starter. There will be many valuable prizes for the races, including a motor-car, one of the shoes worn by Cameronian in the Derby, and a greyhound. Mr. A. J. Munnings, R.A., the famous painter, is giving a blank canvas, which will be auctioned by Mr. Tom Walls to swell the funds, a canvas on which he will paint any picture the purchaser may desire; and Captain Leonard Brassey has promised to give a two-year-old to be sold at the July sales at Newmarket for the benefit of the funds. The list of patrons of the Eclipse Ball is a long and distinguished one, headed by the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary, and all racing enthusiasts, owners, and trainers are combining to make it one of the most amusing functions of the year.

NOTES and NEWS

TOBACCO FROM CANADA

The tobaccos, only recently marketed, named generically Canadian Club, seem at first sight to strike a somewhat anachronistic note, but the tobacco employed in this range which consists of Mixtures, Curly Cuts, Navy Cuts, Flakes, and Fine Cuts is all grown in the Province of Ontario where, though few people in England realize the fact, growers have for many years succeeded in harvesting crops which are actually and naturally equivalent to the finest Virginia tobaccos previously exclusively used for smoking tobaccos of this class and quality. That the British public have not hitherto had the opportunity now offered is, of course, due to the fact that the supplies of this Canadian tobacco have not been available for export, but large quantities of the cream of these crops have at last been successfully secured. The tobacco is now fully matured, and there is offered to the smoking public at home an Empire grown product which defies competition in the same class, which is a high one, at a price considerably less, owing to the preferential duty rate, than that of any similar brand manufactured from Virginia tobacco. The retail price of 11d. for a 1 oz. tin, or 1s. 9d. for a 2 oz. tin, proves its cheapness, for had the tobacco been made of tobacco from Virginia, and therefore subjected to full duty, the quality could not be any better and the price would be at least 1½d. to 2d. an ounce more.

A SILKEN PAGEANT

A great feature of the Wolverhampton Floral Fête for this year (the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the West Park where the fête is always held) is an Empire School Pageant of 1,000 children in the national costumes of the various Empire countries, with dancing and mass singing: their costumes, which are of elaborate design, are to be made of artificial silk manufactured and presented by the great firm of Courtaulds. The fête is held on July 14, 15, 16. The "variety" programme—always a notable feature in the Wolverhampton Fête—will be super-excellent this year, with its ten Continental turns of trained animals, trick cyclists, trapeze artists, jugglers, musical acts, and other similar diversions and, of course, Punch and Judy for the children.

VALUABLE PRIZES FOR SNAPSHOTS

Readers should take advantage of an easy competition in which £350 in prizes are being offered by the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap for "happy-go-lucky" snapshots. All one has to do is to send the photograph, with your name and address clearly written on the back, together with three outside printed wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, to Snapshot Competition, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 48, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1. It should be borne in mind that the photograph submitted must not have been previously published in any way, and cannot be returned in any circumstances. All entries must be received not later than August 31.

TENNIS AND THE FILMS

The Piz Bernina and Piz Palu have caught a *rising film star* in their spell, the well-known tennis player and ski-ing Alpinist, Señorita Lili de Alvarez. Señorita de Alvarez with the well-known film-manager, Mr. George Jacoby of Berlin, has been working for months amid the gigantic glaciers of the Bernina and the Palu in the Diavolezza, and the Bovalhut, where a film of striking Alpine reality has been shot, the *première* of which is to be shown in Berlin next August. Several famous guides from Pontresina have been leading and assisting the expedition which carried the actors into the heart of the crevassed Bernina glaciers. Señorita de Alvarez had barely completed her task when she took an aeroplane to reach Wimbledon.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A Fête and Sale of Work will be held at the historic mansion, Esher Place, Surrey, on July 18. The mansion and beautiful gardens will be open between 2.30 and 8 p.m. Admission 1s. Esher Place is one of the Shaftesbury Homes for girls, and readers of THE SPHERE are asked to keep July 18 free, to come to Esher Place, and assist in making the Sale of Work a success. Further particulars may be obtained from the headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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MADEIRA WINE BEATS EVERY OTHER APPETISER

EVENTS SCHEDULED FOR JULY

INDO-CHINESE NIGHT: Torchlight Procession—Fête on the Lake of Cambodge—Concert by the Royal Native Guard of Hué.

INDO-CHINESE DAY: The Procession of the Dragon—The Play of Living Chessmen—Procession of King Luoc.

THIRD GRAND COLONIAL SYMPHONY CONCERT.

AT THE THEATRE D'EAU: American Gala.

BELGIAN WEEK: Fête of Flowers—Concerts at the Theatre d'Eau—Torchlight Display—Gymnastic Fête.

THIRD CHILDREN'S GALA: Dances and Colonial Music.

AT THE THEATRE D'EAU: Gala of the Romance of the Colonies.

FÊTE OF THE COLONIAL ARMY: Historical Pageant from 1650 to to-day.

NIGHT FÊTE: Grand Illuminated Display on the Lake.

FOURTH GRAND COLONIAL SYMPHONY CONCERT.

AT THE THEATRE D'EAU: Night Gala—Native Dances.

GRAND FANTASIA: Exhibition by the Spahi Regiments.

FOURTH CHILDREN'S GALA: Colonial Dances and Music.

AT THE THEATRE ANNAMITE: Conference and auditions on Indo-China.

GALA MUSIC of the Grenadier Guards and the Garde Républicaine.

Against the star-studded sky sculptured towers, bathed in brilliant light, blaze in fantastic splendour. . . .
Fabulous animals, weird carven monsters, crouch motionless in the shadow of dark palms. . . .
Cunningly illuminated fountains spray showers of scintillating diamond cascades. . . .
In narrow Moroccan streets, lamps shine on dark faces. Heavy Eastern perfumes are wafted on the breeze, and from native eating places come tempting spicy odours. . . .
The distant roar of lions adds to the illusion of being in a distant strange land. . . .
This is the Exhibition at night.
By day, this mammoth spectacle is amazingly fascinating and instructive. At night it is a mystic land of enchantment—a veritable setting for a thousand and one nights' entertainment . . . alluring . . . mysterious . . . thrilling as the age-old East.
Myriad lights shed eerie beauty on the transformed Bois de Vincennes, the lovely park where this colonial cosmos has been gathered for the delight of the Western World.
You dine in Oriental surroundings on delicious French food, then watch a Javanese ballet at the superb modern Theatre d'Eau on the lake.
Hundreds of thousands of visitors are pouring into Paris to view this unique production—to spend days seeing the marvels of the transported Orient and nights under the spell of this enchanted realm of exotic beauty. The Exhibition is open until October, but now is an excellent time to see for yourself fairy sights that probably will never be duplicated.

Dorland

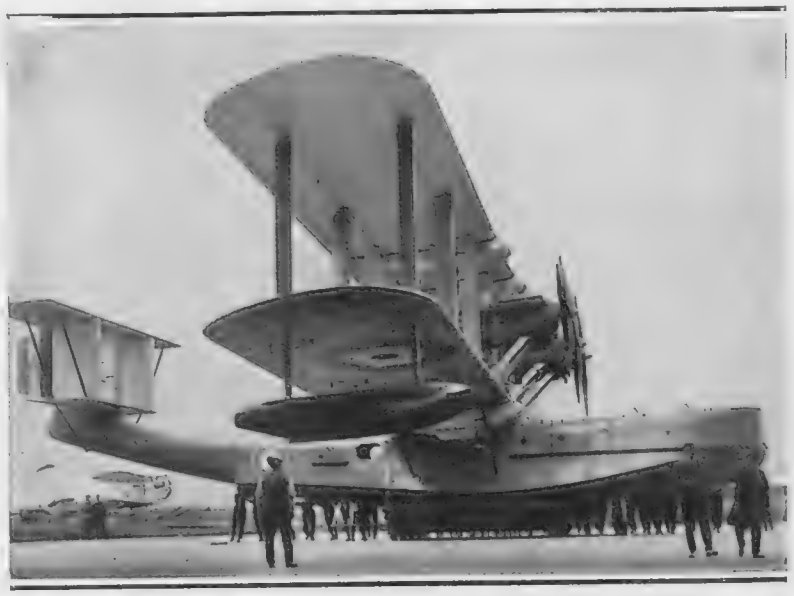
The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

TIRELESS BRITISH TYRES.—Arising out of the controversy between Sir William Morris and Sir Malcolm Campbell as to the value of racing on commercial design, those of us who back up Sir Malcolm could hardly have a better illustration of our contention than that of the pneumatic tyre. Before the War the life of the average cover was not much more than one-third of what it is at the present time. This prolongation of life is without doubt due to experience gained with racing cars on the track and on the road. The tyre manufacturers would be the first to acknowledge that fact, and we Britishers are pleased to know that the greatest amount of experience in the possession of tyre manufacturers from this source is in the possession of British makers. Only the other day a team of famous foreign racing cars lost a very important race through the failure of their tyres, and when they were down to compete in another classic event a week or so ago the team manager insisted on running his cars on British-made tyres in order to prevent a repetition of their previous failure. The result of this change over was that the cars in question won the race. This is another potent example that the manufacturer with racing experience can produce a better article than the one with no such experience at his back. Whilst talking of pneumatic tyres it is interesting to note that at the exhibition recently held at Dublin in connection with the 200th anniversary of the Royal Dublin Society was a comprehensive display of bicycles and tyres from the earliest to the most recent times. The exhibit which was included in the historical industrial section was arranged as a graphic illustration of the development of the tyre industry with which Ireland is so closely related through Mr. John Boyd-Dunlop, the inventor of the pneumatic tyre.

Needless to say, the organization of the exhibit was carried out by the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd. Another item of interest in the pneumatic tyre world was the recent opening of the new Avon London depôt which now becomes the headquarters of the Avon India Rubber Co., Ltd. This well-known British concern has also an immense amount of racing experience at its back, and I might mention that in the recent Junior and Lightweight Tourist Trophy Races in the Isle of Man, the successful Rudge motor-cycles were fitted with Avon tyres. The company's new premises, whilst being palatial and imposing, are first of all practical. Most motorists who have had occasion to pass along the Euston Road, London, have been familiar with the old Avon premises which, as a matter of fact, gave the impression of being large and up-to-date. The necessity of moving into larger and more modern quarters is proof of the amazing expansion of business which has come to the Avon Company.



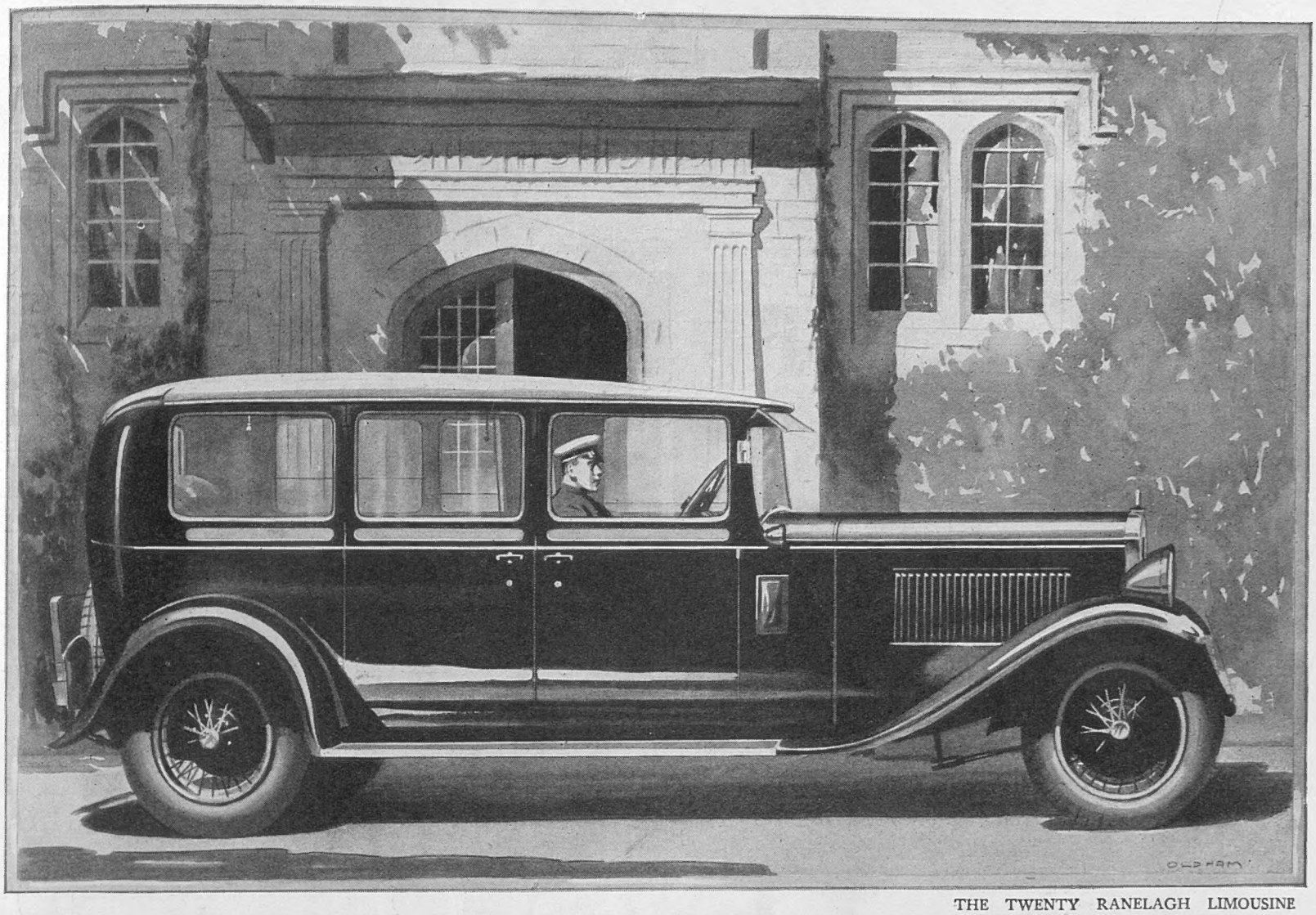
AN AMAZON OF THE AIR: A Blackburn Iris Seaplane, a squadron of which is used for naval reconnaissance. The seaplane is fitted with three Rolls-Royce "Condor III B" engines, totalling together nearly 2,500 h.p. This type of craft is remarkable for its high performance, sea-worthiness, and load capacity

THE RELIABLE FORD.—The Ford Motor Company recently organized a unique 72-hour reliability demonstration; 194 cars ran for this period at an average speed of approximately 24 m.p.h. without stopping the engine. They were not highly-tuned cars, but standard stock models, some brand new and some two and three years old. The total distance covered without an engine being stopped was 334,930 miles, a distance which is equivalent to over thirteen times round the world. The Ford Company have always been famous for the originality of their demonstrations, but in this case they excelled themselves in giving practical proof of the reliability of their products.

AERIAL ACTIVITY.—It is difficult to keep wise to the rapid movements of Captain T. Neville Stack and Mr. J. R. Chaplin, who seem to be breaking flying records every day on their all-British Vickers-Napier mailplane. The machine which they fly is fitted with a 530-h.p. Napier engine. Up to the time of writing these aviators have broken the record from London to Warsaw and back, which was done in one day, from London to Constantinople in a day, London to Berlin and back in one day, and London to Copenhagen and back in a day. We have heard so much recently about similar records being broken by an American in an American-built aeroplane that it is comforting to know that there are Britishers and British-made machines and engines which can put up just as remarkable, if not better, performances when called upon to do so.

Visitors to Hendon at the recent R.A.F. Display may not have known that one of the giant Vickers day bombers had four Rolls-Royce engines which were cooled not by water but by steam. This represents an experiment of the greatest importance, and the system was originally installed on the early rear-engined Trojan cars. In a steam-cooled power-unit the water is allowed to reach boiling-point in the cylinders and it is then taken to a radiator where it is condensed back into water, being finally returned to a small tank which maintains the supply to the cylinders. With this system much less water is required, thus saving a considerable amount of weight. On an aeroplane this cooling system requires no radiator for small condenser tanks are formed in the leading edges of the planes where the temperature is always low. Not only is weight saved, but the frontal area of the fuselage can be reduced considerably. The risk of damage by means of a bullet is minimized at the same time. The engine, too, is able to run at a higher temperature, which makes for better thermal efficiency.

A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N



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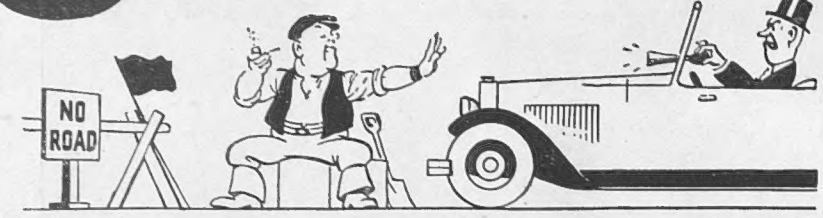

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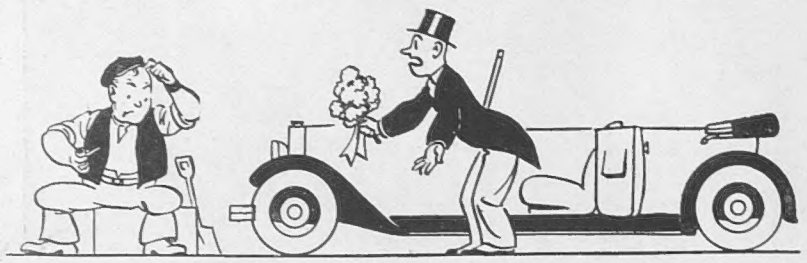
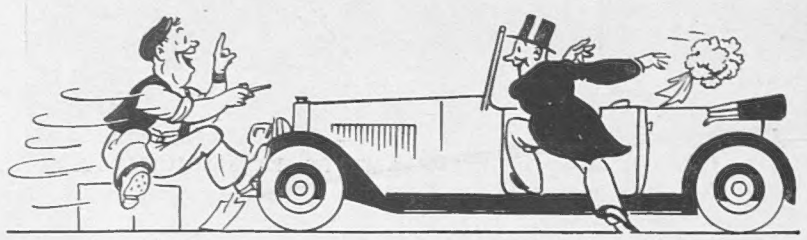
'up' again, 'up' again!



How can I cross in time to meet

my fair ladye ?



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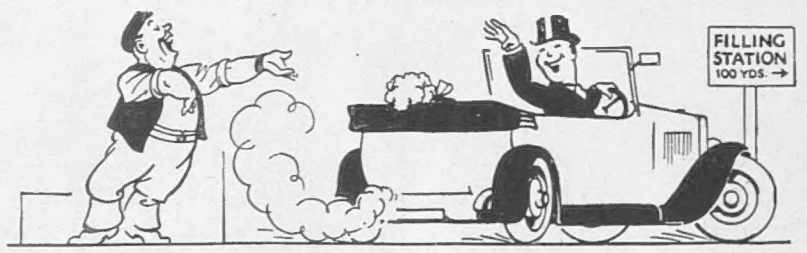

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